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THE BOOK THAT HE MARRIED

By AARON MASON

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

IN TWO CHAPTERS

First Chapter

AT FORTY, Professor Blackburn was the first authority in England on the women of Shakespeare, yet he had never had a love affair. It was not that he disliked women; but they did not interest him. After Rosalind, they seemed too tame; after Desdemona, too easily comprehended; after Portia, utterly undesirable. So, while other men were in drawing-rooms, he was sitting in his worn study-chair, his heroines around him, one for his every mood and hour. Or, if he went out, it was to some meeting of a Shakespeare club, or to woo and win some first edition from a grasping bookseller.

So eager was he in his conquests that he found, at last, that his collection fell but one volume short of completeness, and that volume was the impossible—the first Shakespeare. For that an edition of Shakespeare's plays had been published before any of those yet extant seemed probable to Professor Blackburn; and his patient searches of Elizabethan and Jacobite records seemed to prove that he was not mistaken. "There had been," he reasoned, "a collection of the plays printed, the proofs of which had been corrected by the dramatist himself. Then an order had come from James' Court, and the whole edition had been destroyed, with the exception of the author's copy."

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The Professor's colleagues pooh-poohed this theory. The more the Professor argued with them, the broader their smiles became. "It's impossible, man," young Jebb said. "If there ever were such an edition it would have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and, at the least, we should find an erasure, a falsification, or something to show that an entry had been made."

The skeptics were still unconvinced when the Professor took rooms for a month of the long vacation in the pretty village of Wroxham. He wished to do some botanizing, and the valley near the river was a fine natural laboratory for him. So engrossed was he in his work that three weeks of his month were gone before he really knew the people in the same house with him.

For the same reason he had hardly noticed the little bookshelf back in the darkest corner of his sitting-room. On it were a dozen or more volumes, a Family Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, the Holy War, and Butler's Analogy—titles which led the Professor to guess at the exact character of the others.

In an idle moment one afternoon he took down the Bishop's treatise and examined the title page. He was surprised to find it a first edition. He put the Bishop in his stall, and took down the next volume. It was an edition of Shakespeare's plays. He had only opened it when there was a rap at the door.

"Come in," he called with college brusqueness; and his hostess and her daughter stood before him.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Hall?" he asked.

The girl answered for her mother. "We are going our rounds, sir, to visit the poor. There are so many old people in this parish, and the Vicar can't do much. We try to help him as we can, and we thought you might like to contribute a little to the fund—just a little."

"Would a couple of sovereigns help you?" asked the Professor boyishly.

"Oh, thank you!" said the girl, surprised at his generosity. To tell the truth, the Professor's clothes were a little seedy.

"Perhaps I might come with you and see these happy poor?" he questioned, for the first time in his life, perhaps, paying a woman a compliment

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The girl looked at her mother and nodded, and they all started out across the meadows toward the village. She was so pretty, this farmer's daughter, that Professor Blackburn found her almost interesting. But as she prattled on childishly of her little cares and pleasures, of her quaint superstitions, his mind began to wander off to his work. A sentence from her brought him back suddenly.

"You must know, sir," she was saying, "that my father is very proud of his blood. He is a Hall of Stratford—a descendant of Shakespeare."

"Yes," put in her mother; "and the two things in the world he sets most store by are Elsie and that old book in the parlor."

"A book of plays," added Elsie, "that used to belong to Shakespeare himself. And I believe father would rather lose me than that book."

"He will lose you with it, my child," replied the mother, "for he has always said that it is to be yours on your wedding-day, just as it was given to him by his father when we were married. It has been handed down in the family that way for ages."

"I don't want the old thing," said the girl. "It might bring me bad luck. Don't you think it might be so, Doctor Blackburn?"

"I should like to examine the book before I venture an opinion," answered the Professor gravely. "If it is what you say it would be a Queen's dowry. But it is possible your father has made a mistake. Would you mind my returning to see?"

"Now? Oh! Not at all," answered Elsie rather pettishly; "if you prefer the society of an old print. Good-afternoon."

The Professor turned back, and all that night there was a lamp burning in his room.

It was the Shakespeare, the one volume of its kind in the world, a literary gold mine, and, to the possessor, a veritable gold mine, if he ever cared to sell it at any time.

AND — ELSIE WAS VERY PRETTY!

In the morning Mrs. Hall said to her daughter: "Elsie, Doctor Blackburn was up all night; his bed hasn't been slept in."

"Oh! I suppose he has fallen in love with father's old book," answered the girl. And there was something in her voice that made her mother look at her anxiously. Suppose her daughter should love this Professor?

The Professor, however, was filled with joy. He had, at last, found the Shakespeare—the dream of his life—the only one!

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Second Chapter

UT there was a difficulty, apparently insuperable. The Professor had offered Farmer Hall money, but the old man had strenuously refused it. That book must be kept in his family, he reiterated obstinately.

Doctor Blackburn begged to be allowed to send a committee of Professors down from Cambridge to examine it. Mr. Hall refused to receive them. The Doctor offered to deposit a thousand pounds as security for the book if he were allowed to carry it to Cambridge for one month. Again Mr. Hall refused. Elsie, with tears in her eyes, begged her father to let a deputation from the University examine it, but the obstinate old man only answered, "I will give it to you on your wedding-day."

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In the meantime, the Professor had reengaged his rooms for the rest of his vacation. Brought together by their mutual endeavors to convince Mr. Hall of the foolishness of his resolve Elsie and he had become fast friends. They often wandered through the village together as the summer days slipped by, though, to do the Professor justice, he did not consider the one way open to the possession of his desire. He had so long before put aside all idea of marriage that it never occurred to him. His great longing to get the book continued to keep under every other passion. The hope of eventually triumphing over his colleagues suggested burglary, bribery, or the forcible marriage of Elsie to one of his friends, but never the thought of marrying her himself. Never, at least, until one afternoon when they walked through her father's fields.

It was just the day to make a man say sentimental things to a homely girl even, and Elsie was very pretty. Looking down at her sweetly flushed face he began to feel a new sensation stirring in him. Perhaps, after all, some flesh-and-blood women were desirable, and any girl whose future was bound up with that first edition must be interesting. As he looked back at his old life it seemed strangely lonely and empty, and then—his thoughts had wandered to that one vacant space on the top shelf of his library of Shakesperean editions; but he brought them back again quickly to the girl beside him.

The Professor was a decided man. To think, with him, was to act. Quickly he ran over the love speeches from a dozen plays of the great dramatist, selected one which was fully suitable and plunged in right boldly.

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It was the first week of the honeymoon, a few days before the beginning of the October term. Doctor Blackburn and his wife were seated by an open window, overlooking the beach of a fashionable watering-place.

"I have a letter from Jebb, of Caius, Elsie. He wants to know the correct reading for the passage of metaphors in the speech of Hamlet's, which, generally, reads:

"'Then let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning.'"

"He'll never know the correct reading if that isn't correct," said Elsie defiantly.

"Why not, my dear?"

"Because I burned that yellow, old book the morning we were married."

"Burned—that—book! Great——"

He stopped, his anger fairly choking him. His wife threw her arms about his neck: "Yes, you silly boy," she half whispered; "yes; for I want you all myself."

A queer look came into the Professor's eyes, the angry flush faded from his face, and his arms, which had been holding her rather limply, tightened around her waist.

THE LITTLE BUGLER'S ALARM

By ERNEST GLANVILLE

WITH A DRAWING BY HENRY HUTT

HULLOA, Bassie! I thought this fine morning would bring you over. The sap's running strong, and the quail are gathering thick in the young wheat. Hear to them whistling! Where's your gun?"

"I did not come to shoot."

"Soh! You're not in love, are you?"

"I have been writing poetry," I said, with an air of unconcern, "and I want to take your opinion of it."

"Fire away," said Abe, fetching up a judicial expression; and with that I proceeded to give the old man some samples of my very best style of verse.

"It's kind o' buttery," said Abe slowly, when I had finished, "but I don't see no sense in it."

"Sonny, is there any music in the croak of a frog—is there? In course not! Now there's music, sonny, in the veld and the bush, and in the night-cries of the wild animals and birds, in the sighing of the trees, the drone of the surf and the crash of the thunder; but I yeard onct a sound I shall never forget, and there was in it a whole book of poetry. It were in the Boma Pass, time of the Kaffir War, and the ole 94 were halted in the jaws of the pass, waitin' for the cool of the afternoon before they marched. I remember it well—the dark woods in the narrow pass rising up till they 'most shut out the sky; the redcoats down by the water; the smoke rising in tall columns from the cooking fires; the horses standing in a bunch switching the flies offen 'em; the oxen knee-deep in the water; and a silence born of the hot sun over all. It were as quiet as Sunday down in the mouth of the pass, with the sun running up and down the bayonets like fire, and no red to stain them, for there was no news of Kaffirs within a day's march.

"I yeard a honey-bird call outer the black of the wood, and I jes' moved off with nothin' mor'n a pipe and a clasp-knife.

"'Where you going, Abe?' sed a little bugler chap, lookin' up from the shade of a bush.

"'Bee huntin', sonny.'

"'I'll come along o' you,' he sed.

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"He were a little chap, with his lips all cracked by the sun, and a little nose that you couldn't see for the freckles, and brown eyes like you see in a bird or a buck—clear and bright. Always he were on the move, like a willey-wagtail, and him and me were chums. Ah, yes; many a story I tole him by the camp-fire, him a-sitting with his chin in his hands staring at me with his big round eyes, and they called him 'Abe's kid,' 'cos I downed a fellow for boosting him with a leather belt. I tole you how a little dream-lad had come to me one night outer the sea; that were he, my son—that were my little boy."

"Did he die?" I said, looking anxiously at the old man as his voice faltered.

"He went away, sonny, but he sed he'd wait for me, and he'll keep his word." There was a wistful look in the old man's face as he looked toward the sea for some time in silence. "Yes; we slipped inter the wood, the honey-bird calling led us on deeper and deeper into the heart of the Boma Pass, till I pulled up to take bearings.

"'I'm thinkin' we're gettin' too far from the lines,' I sed to him.

"'You're afraid,' he sed; 'that's what.'

"'Come on,' I sed, like a fool; and I went on, going mighty quick, and him panting after me.

"'Garn!' he sed, wrinkling up his little nose. There was a holler tree standin' up in a little clearin' no bigger'n a room, and the hum of bees came to us.

"'I see 'em,' he says; 'look at 'em streaming in! What a lark! Cut a hole with your knife, 'an I'll carry some honey back in this bugle,' and he laughed.

"I were looking across at the dark wood, and I sed to him quietly, 'Get behind the tree,' fer I'd seed a Kaffir standing on a rock.

"'What's the row?' he says, looking a little scared. Maybe 'cos I looked the same.

"'Take off that coat,' I sed; for the red showed up plain.

"'Take off the Queen's coat?' he sed, going red and white; 'not me!'

"'My lad,' I sed to him quiet; 'there are Kaffirs in the bush. And if you keep your coat on they'll see you.'

"'Let 'em,' he said, swallering his throat.

"'Take it off,' I sed.

"'Not me.'

"'Then I leave you.' And with that I slipped away, but turned on my tracks and come back softly to peer at him. He were still standing behin' the tree, looking away off at the soldiers, but his coat were buttoned up tight to his throat. I went up to him tiptoe and touched him on the shoulder, and he gave a low cry and jumped aside with his fists up. When he seed who it were the tears came into his eyes.

"'Abe Pike,' he sed, tremblin', 'that's a mean trick to play on a boy—a mean, dirty trick. I didn't think it o' you.'

"'Come on,' I sed, 'foller me; stop when I stop, run when I run, and keep quiet.'

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"So we sot off tenderly through the bush, and we hadn't gone more'n fifty paces when I smelt the Kaffirs. I sank down; he did, too, and I peered through the shadders. A sound come to us—the sound of naked feet, of moving branches—and I knew the pass were full of men.

"He touched me on the arm as the bugle call to 'fall in' rang along into the still pass, ekering as it went from side to side.

"I put my mouth to his ear to tell him the Kaffirs were swarming, and that we could not go on, but must go up the ridge and work round to the troops.

"'What are the Kaffirs doing?' he sed.

"'They are making an ambush.'

"'And the General doesn't know?'

"'No, sonny, he doesn't.'

"'And they'll march in and be stabbed,' he whispered, with his eyes round and staring.

"'Oh, they'll fight their way out,' I sed. 'Come on after me.'

"'Good-by,' he said, sitting down. 'You go on—I'm tired.'

"'I'll carry you, little chap,' says I, and I picked him up, but he was heavy for his size, and the bush was thick, and more than that, he kicked.

"So I sot him down, and I yeard a Kaffir calling out to his friends to know what the noise was. I motioned to him to come, but he sot there, with his face white, and shook his head; then he altered his mind. 'Go on,' he said, 'I'll foller—go quick!'

"So I sot off up the ridge through the wood, slipping from tree to tree, thinking he were coming, when all of a sudden outer the wood, ringing out clear and loud, a bugle sounded the alarm—a reg'lar alarm.

"I looked round and the boy were not there. I ran back, and saw him with the bugle to his lips, and his cheeks swelling as he blew another blast. I can hear it now—the call of that little chap, with the muttered cries of the Kaffirs, and the sound of their naked feet running, as they came up.

"'You little devil,' I yelled; 'they'll kill you. Run!'

"He gave me one look over his shoulder, and he put his life into that last blow. As the last note went swinging away there came an answering note from the regiment—to form square.

"'That'll be Jimmy,' he sed. And the next minnit an assagai struck him on the neck, and he fell into my arms."

Abe stopped, and looked away.

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"What then?" I said, touching him on the shoulder.

"I don't know, sonny, what happened, till I laid him down afore the General."

"You carried him out?"

"I s'pose so—I s'pose so—seeing as we were both there; and my clothes were in rags from the thorns, and my head cut open with a kerrie. Yes, I laid him afore the General.

"'What's this?' he says.

"'General,' I sed, 'this boy has saved the regiment; he could 'a' run—but he didn't.'

"'Who sounded the alarm?' he sed.

"'It was him, and the pass is full of Kaffirs—jes' chock-full of 'em.'

"The General stooped down and looked into the little feller's face.

"'Hang you, man,' he sed, turning on me; 'why did you take him into the wood?'

"The little chap opened his eyes, and they were fixed, all glazed, on the General, and the officers stood around, looking, and the soldiers in the square.

"The General brought his hand to his cap, then he wheeled round: 'Ninety-fourth—present—arms!'

"The ranks came to a salute, and the officers brought their heels together and their swords up.

"The little chap let his eyes scan the lines.

"'They are saluting you, my brave boy,' sed the General.

"I felt him move in my arms, and I lifted his hand to his head to salute. Then he sighed, then he smiled, and his eyes closed. 'I'll wait for you, Abe,' he said, and he was dead before I could answer him.

"'Ninety-fourth,' sed the General, 'the enemy 's hidden in the pass. Advance!'

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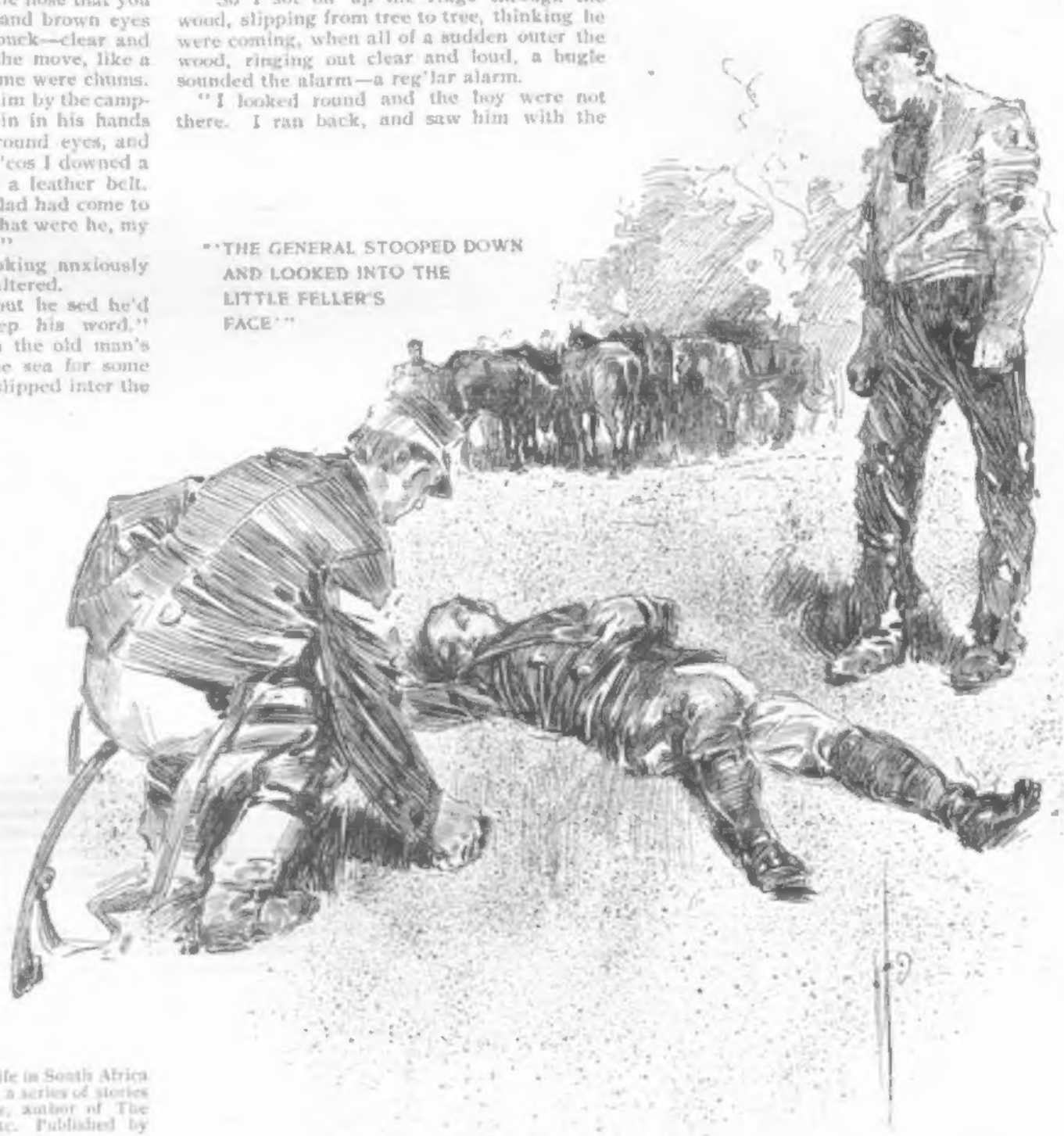
"They came by in columns, and as they passed they looked at the little chap and saluted, and they went on in silence with their mouths shut.

"They clean frightened the Kaffirs that time; and next day—they buried the little chap—the band playing—and all the regiment in full dress. My little chap—my little chap!" said Abe in a whisper—"'I'll wait for you, Abe,' he sed. And when he sounds the bugle, ole Abe 'll go. Yes, I sit and listen for it." He sat still, looking toward the sea, and I went quietly away.



"'THE GENERAL STOOPED DOWN AND LOOKED INTO THE LITTLE FELLER'S FACE'"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story of life in South Africa is taken from Tales from the Veld, a series of stories of adventure by Ernest Glanville, author of The Golden Rock, The Fossicker, etc. Published by Chatto & Windus, of London.

MISS MIRALDI'S UNDERSTUDY

The Inspiration of a Helping Hand

By Elinor Dale Puncie

WITH DRAWINGS BY HENRY HUTT

MISS MARGUERITE DE LARUE (parents' name, Buffins) was playing before tolerably good houses at the Atlantic, and two blocks farther down the street Miss Geraldine Miraldi (name of parents, Tooley) was attracting fairly large audiences at the Pacific Theatre.

Miss de Larue considered that Miss Miraldi was the unworthy cause of the Atlantic not being crowded to the doors at every performance; while Miss Miraldi was perfectly convinced that to the secondary attractions of Miss de Larue was due the fact that the "Standing Room Only" sign had not yet been brought into use at the Pacific. Consequently the two queens of the drama hated each other with great heartiness, and without the aid of any personal acquaintance whatever. Indeed, they had never seen each other except in pictures behind shop windows, in the guise of Portia, or Desdemona, or Lady Teazle, or Mrs. Malaprop.

As the mutual feelings of the actresses were perfectly well known to the members of their respective companies, scarcely a day passed that somebody was not repeating to Miss Miraldi a derogatory piece of gossip concerning her rival, or that Miss de Larue was not being regaled with unflattering stories involving the name of Miss Miraldi.

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Now, it happened, on a biting day in early March, that Miss Marguerite de Larue was waiting on a corner for a street car which would carry her to the very doors of the Atlantic Theatre, wherein she had called a morning rehearsal. Sounds as of a scuffle behind her, accompanied by much gasping and sputtering, caused her to glance around, and she saw two little gamins pitching into each other, with heads down, like small buffaloes, while the chapped and grimy fingers of each were clutching furiously at any available part of the other's anatomy, and pinching and scratching the same with frantic energy.

"I guess you'll trip me up on a home run again, won't you, you little sneak!" panted out the one somewhat less ragged than the other. He managed to administer a punch in his opponent's eye with a fist as hard as a base-ball, and, having partially blinded him, succeeded in snatching from the little fellow's head his fragment of cap. Then, jerking himself free, the conquering hero tossed the cap into the air, and, as it descended, kicked it, with whoops, into the middle of the street. Taterdemalion Number Two darted after his dingy headgear, and rescued it after it had received the print of a horse's hoof in the crown. Upon returning gloomily to the sidewalk, where Number One awaited him with jeers, he did not seem disposed to renew the conflict, but, espying a half-eaten apple in the gutter, he picked it up and began gnawing with evident relish.

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The victor eyed him contemptuously, grunted in a manner expressive of the same sentiment, and remarked: "Bet I'd never snatch on a old piece of apple out of the gutter!"

"I bet I'm glad you didn't see it first, anyway," calmly retorted the vanquished Arab.

At this juncture Miss de Larue's car sped by her, but she did not even see it.

"Say, I don't believe you've had no breakfast, I don't," continued Number One.

Number Two maintained silence, and bit into the core of his apple, which he had reached but too soon.

"I have," Number One went on in triumph; "I had soup, bully hot, too, with big lumps o' taters in it."

But Number Two regarded his tormentor mutely, with a look of wrathful reproach.

Number One's face became, however, a little troubled. He beat his heels on the side of the building against which he was leaning, frowned, worked his hands uneasily about in his trousers' pockets, and finally burst out, in a tone of much curiosity:

"Say, Postey, didn't you have nothin' to eat to-day, honest?"

"You shut up!" bawled out the other.

"There's awful good apple pies fer a nickel over there at the bakery," said Number One, after a little hesitation. He spoke half sheepishly, half confidentially. Number Two pretended not to hear.

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"An' I could buy one 's easy's not," went on the soup-eater, jingling something about in his pockets that sounded suspiciously like marbles. Number Two turned haughtily upon his heel, just as another of Miss de Larue's cars passed unnoticed by her.

"'I'LL BUY YOU A PIE; HONEST I WILL'"

"Oh, say, Postey!" called out Number One hastily, "listen here! I'll buy you a pie; honest I will."

Number Two did not look around, but his pace was seen to slacken a little. The other walked after him.

"They're dandies," he continued quite eagerly; "and the crust all swell up in shiny brown places. Come on, Postey! I'll treat you, honest."

Could Postey choose but pause at this alluring speech? Think of the apple-core reposing alone at the bottom of his poor little stomach! He looked back at his would-be benefactor with a face in which doubt was mingled with longing.

Seeing this, Number One advanced more briskly.

"Come on, old boy," said he, wagging his head in the direction of the bakery; "and you'll feel like you owned the earth in a minute." He encircled with his dirty hand the back of the yielding Postey's neck, and propelled him thus across the street.

The two vanished inside the baker's shop, while, for a few moments, Miss de Larue found it difficult to distinguish one car from another, and nearly missed the third. She entered it with head erect, shining eyes, cheeks aglow, and with a touch of inspiration pervading her whole expression. It is only the really noble who can be kindled into sympathy by a noble act.

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That exalted look was upon the face of the actress during the whole morning, and a trace of it still lingered as she sat before a dressing-table, making her toilette for the afternoon performance. A mingled odor of burnt cork, grease-paint and scented powder filled the close air of the dressing-room, and in the middle of the floor stood an enormous trunk, containing a profusion of stage garments of divers colors and fashions. Into this trunk Miss de Larue's understudy was burrowing like a ferret, and uttering stifled exclamations of despair, as the lost article she was hunting refused to come to light.

"Have you heard the joke on Miss Miraldi?" inquired the understudy, as, triumphantly clutching a large brown wig, she at last struggled into an erect posture.

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Miss de Larue, who was transforming her mouth into a rosebud with that magic wand, a paint-stick, answered indifferently that she had not heard. Whereupon the understudy announced that Miss Miraldi's leading lady had sprained her ankle, and would be unable to play that evening; that it was Miss Miraldi's initial performance in As You Like It, and she was, of course, consumed with anxiety that it should be successful; that she had not found any one capable of acting the part of Celia; and that she loathed the idea of substituting another play.

"Just imagine her pleasant state of mind," said the laughing understudy, while she spread over a chair a magnificent mantle of crimson velvet.

Miss de Larue did not laugh. She tapped her cheek thoughtfully with a little rabbit's-foot stained with rouge, and answered nothing. The understudy left the room, and then our actress uttered a little cry of mingled anger and shame.

"How detestable I am!" she exclaimed in a passionate undertone; "I have given them the right to take it for granted that I am delighted over any misfortune of Miss Miraldi's." She paid so little attention to the rest of her toilette that when the warning call of fifteen minutes startled her out of a revery, she found one fine black eyebrow arched three times higher than the other.

When evening came, it was suddenly announced that Miss de Larue had been taken ill and could not play. Her understudy, it was explained by the manager, would take her place in the night's performance, for she would not appear.

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Miss Miraldi began to resign her glowing expectations of a triumph as Rosalind, for no one worthy of so charming a part as Rosalind's cousin had yet put in an appearance. The actress had been interviewing would-be Celias all day, and testing their powers, but had dismissed them one and all with weary disgust over the rant, affectation or insipidity with which they repeated their lines or made their gestures.

Miss Miraldi took her disappointment by no means good-humoredly, and it was with a very lowering brow that she admitted to her presence a young woman who called late in the afternoon. She was very plainly dressed, though differing somewhat from the others.

"Your name, please," demanded Miss Miraldi, in a discouraged tone of voice.

"Buffins," answered the newcomer with a certain amount of dignified gravity.

"Never heard of it," said Miss Miraldi rather impatiently. "With whom have you played?"

Miss Buffins modestly mentioned several leading lights of the stage with whom she had been associated.

"Have you played Celia?" inquired Miss Miraldi, becoming interested.

"Yes, ma'am," respectfully answered Miss Buffins.

"'Ay, Celia, we stayed here for your sake, else had she with her father ranged along,'" recited Miss Miraldi, looking hard at the strange actress.

"'I did not then entreat to have her stay,'" promptly replied Miss Buffins, and repeated the lines perfectly to the end of the speech. Miss Miraldi then heard her repeat various other lines, and having further tested her ability in the matter of acting, finally expressed herself satisfied and engaged Miss Buffins for that evening.

The performance was a brilliant success. Never before had Miss Miraldi been so perfectly supported. The strange actress seemed to know exactly the duty of a leading lady, and played her part in such a way as to give Rosalind every possible advantage without herself becoming shadowy or insipid. In fact, the two were just what Rosalind and Celia must have been together in those golden days of old, when they frolicked under Arden's trees.

And so, when the play was over and Miss Miraldi, gloriously happy, had retired to her dressing-room, she sent for Miss Buffins. Indeed, the Miraldi was too excited and gratified to wait until she had changed her costume, and she had put on over it an elaborate Japanese dressing-gown.

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"My dear Celia," she exclaimed, rushing toward that lady as she entered, "I can't tell you how entirely satisfied I am with your work to-night! I never was so well supported before; though, for goodness sake (here Miss Miraldi looked fearfully around), don't let that get to the ears of Miss Merton, or she'll be hopping off on her well foot to seek a new engagement."

Then Miss Miraldi paused for a moment in deep thought.

"Well, supposing she did," was her next remark; then she added abruptly, "you have no engagement, have you, or you wouldn't be here to-night helping me?"

Miss Buffins, who had been gazing, with a remarkable light in her eyes, at her sister actress, now looked down at the floor as she demurely replied, "I have a permanent engagement."

"Why, how on earth did you——" began the other, with great curiosity; then quickly checked herself, and looked narrowly at the strange actress, whose eyes were still lowered.

Miss Miraldi was entirely mystified and somewhat annoyed.

"Well, I'm sorry you are engaged," said she, after a moment's scrutiny. "At any rate, let me have the pleasure of giving you a substantial proof of my gratitude for your work to-night," and she extended toward Miss Buffins a most generous check. But that mysterious individual flashed at Miss Miraldi a radiant smile, and shook her head.

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"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed the amazed actress, letting her extended hand fall by her side.

They were standing by a window. Miss Buffins turned, and, drawing aside the curtain, looked down into the lamp-lit street.

"'Listen here, Postey! I'll buy you a pie; honest I will,'" she murmured, apparently forgetting the presence of Miss Miraldi.

"What do you mean?" again impatiently demanded the latter, not distinguishing her companion's whispered words.

Miss Buffins smiled at her again, this time with a tear in her eye.

"Don't offer me any money," said she. "It was not for that Marguerite de Larue helped a sister in need!"

"What!" fairly shrieked Miss Geraldine Miraldi, "are you actually——" she lost her breath, and gazed at the other speechlessly.

"Yes, I am," replied Miss de Larue cordially; "and very, very glad to have been able to help you to-night."

Miss Miraldi's face turned a deeper crimson, and next turned pale. The rival stars looked for one silent moment into each other's eyes, and then, as it must be chronicled, those two brilliant actresses suddenly disappeared with all their theatrical airs and graces, while Maggie Tooley put her arms around the waist of Jennie Buffins.

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Sixteenth Chapter

AS Chester and Wilmot reached the floor their rooms were on, after their return from the Park, they saw that the door of Frank Harrison's apartment was open.

"I say, come in, you fellows," he called out as he heard them passing by.

Chester paused at the door. "I'm going up to the studio," he said. "Do you know if the Weylands are in?"

"They went up just now," replied Harrison, rising and coming to the door.

"You have nothing to do, Mr. Lee, have you?" asked the poet. "Come in a while. James Fitch Ellerton is in the library looking over my reference books. I want you to know him. He's a type for you. He can incubate a plot more rapidly than any other man in America. He has the fatal gift of loquacity. Conversation is impossible with him; it is merely soliloquy interrupted by interpolations of his listeners. He loves to occupy the centre of the stage."

Wilmot passed between Chester and Harrison and entered the room.

"Were they alone?" he heard Chester ask Harrison.

"Yes; and arm-in-arm, as usual."

"Well, good night; I must go upstairs," said Chester, turning away with that irritating indefiniteness of action that was becoming almost characteristic of him.

"Hush!" exclaimed Harrison, raising his hand warningly to Wilmot after Chester had left them, and bending his head to listen. "Yes, she's at the piano; that's what caught Chester. He's a moth that hovers round the light of her music. I wish the fellow would not make such a racket. That's Chopin." Harrison began to hum the air softly, waving his pipe to and fro, keeping time with the music heard through the open doorway. Then he put his head out cautiously. "I wonder what Ches—— By Jove, he's stopped at the foot of the stairs! I declare, he's the queerest fellow I ever knew. I'd give two dollars and fifty cents for the first correct solution. I simply can't make him out. Hello! he's coming back."

Harrison quickly turned to his desk and Wilmot saw Chester pass, going toward his room. Then they heard Chester's door close, and Miss Weyland's music floated through the long and empty corridors.

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Harrison looked at Wilmot and smiled.

"I've an idea about him," he said. "I have an idea he's lost his heart to Miss Weyland, and that he can't find his courage. She doesn't seem to favor his attentions very enthusiastically. What think you?"

"I really can't say. I am hardly qualified to judge," answered Wilmot indifferently.

"I think she likes him a great deal, perhaps partly on account of his friendship for her father," continued the poet, "but he certainly doesn't show any symptoms of a lover who has met with encouragement."

Wilmot made no reply. If Harrison expected to get information on that point from him he would be disappointed. The idea of saying anything on the subject rather nettled Lee, and Harrison saw it.

"I beg your pardon," said Harrison, sitting down in the light of the lamp which stood upon the centre-table. "I almost forgot that you and he were such intimate friends. I meant nothing to his discredit, however; I trust you will believe that. I say, Ellerton," he called. "Come in here."

"I'm coming," replied a voice from the library. "It's frightfully hot in this room."

The speaker came to the doorway. He was a tall, blonde young man, with a straggling mustache, and long, tow-colored hair.

"I want you to meet Mr. Lee," explained Harrison, "the Southern author who has created such an impression on our firm."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Lee," said Ellerton, putting his pencil and note-book into his pocket, and sitting down in an easy-chair. "Harrison has been telling me of your good luck and of your conscientious methods. I haven't read that sketch of yours, The Repentance of Milburn, yet, but it's on my list. They say it's great. I used to do careful work, but now I'm known as the worst literary hack in America. You could put me in a novel as a horrible example of high ideals gone to seed. There is nothing that so beautifully greases the downward path of a young author, nothing so likely to kill painstaking efforts, as the success of one of his poor books after his really good ones have failed."

"Make him tell you about it, Mr. Lee; he's dying to," said Harrison with a smile. "I am willing to suffer in silence—so that you may profit by the awful warning."

"Nothing could please me more, I'm sure," replied Wilmot, who hardly knew how to reply to Harrison's chaffing tone.

"Well, if you really care to hear how a man may fall from the heights of conscientious literary work into the dark abyss of financial success by writing popular trash, give ear to this tale of woe. I was doing first-class work for a beginner. No man's outlook could have been brighter. I got married. My expenses accumulated. My best work occasionally brought fair prices, but I couldn't do it fast enough; I couldn't make enough by it. One day Eve held out an apple to me. It was a check for five hundred dollars which she received from The Evening Fireside, a fifth-class story paper. 'I made it in a month at odd times,' said Eve, 'and I've kept up my better class of work also.' Eve was a young friend of mine who was doing work on the best magazines. The serial for which she had received the check was blood-and-thunder stuff, and appeared over a *nom de plume*.

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"The next day my rent was due, and The Columbian sent back a yarn I had worked on for a month. I thought it over and went to call on the editor of The Evening Fireside. She seemed pleased to talk about their needs and plans, and gave me a stack of brain-poison to look at. I saw at once I could do what she wanted, and before I reached home I had a full-fledged plot twittering and hopping about in the empty places in my brain. Within the next month I'd earned over six hundred dollars for a serial story of high life in Russia (I've never been out of America) and a few short sketches.

"My wife felt proud of me for the first time since our marriage and went and boomed me to the landlord. He took his hat off the next time I passed him, and all of the women in the house called on my wife.

"I felt I could make money by my poor work and a name by my good work. It was a hopeless straddle. The only real successful straddle in the world, that stood for any time, was the Colossus of Rhodes. But so I cheated myself at that time.

"I told myself I'd stick to The Evening Fireside till I owned a little house in Harlem. It took two years to make all the payments; then I wrote a story and sent it to The Columbian. The editor sent it back, saying that he thought too much of me to believe I'd written it. He said he would rather risk the compliment of accusing me of having stolen it, than to insult me by believing I had originated it. He hoped I meant it merely as a joke. He ended by asking me why I had stopped writing."

"Did you really give up your conscientious work?" asked Wilmot, interested in the serious view of literature underlying Ellerton's half-careless, half-bitter words.

"I had to; I couldn't do it again if my life had depended upon it. The temptation to earn money easily was too strong. I've written nothing but trash for five years."

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"And Eve? What became of her?"

"She's editing The Evening Fireside on a salary of six thousand. In addition to editorial work, she has to write six serial stories a year. She had three running at the same time last year, under different names. She fell sick and I had to take up the stories till she was well again. She was out of her head a week, and I forgot what she wanted the characters to do. I got them in an awful tangle, and she had to write several chapters before she rescued them finally; she confessed, however, that the accident had been beneficial, as it had got her out of some old ruts on to other ground."

"You wouldn't, then, advise a man to slight his work for the sake of earning money?" asked Wilmot.

"Not unless he needs money more than literary fame. It is Mephistopheles' temptation to literary Fausts," said Ellerton. "As for myself, I don't care. I might not have set the world on fire anyway, and, as it is, I now have a literary stock-company with about seventeen different characters in the cast and, with a few changes of scenery and dress occasionally, I make them support my wife and family very comfortably."

As Wilmot was returning to his room an hour later, Chester opened his door.

"I have been watching for you," he said. "I thought you'd never come. Ellerton's a frightful bore with his monologues that pose as conversations, even though he is clever."

Wilmot entered the room and sat down. The light was low, and Chester looked ghastly as he sank into a chair, near a table on which stood half a dozen bottles of medicine, spoons, and several tumblers.

"For my nerves," said he, following Wilmot's glance to these articles. "I have to stupify my brain to get any sleep at all."

"I thought you were going up to the studio," said Wilmot.

Chester lowered his head to his hands, and dug his elbows into his knees; a sound like a suppressed groan escaped him. He rose and stood at a window and looked out.

"I couldn't do it," he said. "I intended to go up and have it all over to-night, but my courage failed me. It's awful, Lee! When you were talking to me I felt all right, but the stairs leading up to the studio seemed like—like the steps to the gallows. My moods are something horrible. Sometimes I am as bright and frothy as champagne. The next moment I am as dull and heavy as the dregs of wine. Sometimes my mood is bright and glowing, like the sky there; then the brightness and color fades away, leaving darkness and gloom, as the sky will be in a moment. I'm suffering awfully, Wilmot. Nature sometimes makes big blunders, and I'm one of them."

"I feel so hopeless when I see you suffer, Chester," answered Wilmot. "If you won't help yourself, I, surely, can do nothing——"

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"Yes, you can," interrupted Chester, raising his face, which bore white imprints from the intense pressure of his fingers. "Yes, you can. Tell me again what you told me out there. That's what I want. You made me feel better than I've been in six months, but now—I'm down again."

"What are you afraid of?"

"I don't know, myself. Part of the time I want her with all the desire of my soul, and then again I fear that if she were absolutely mine, I'd—I'd want to be free."

"I've heard of people being that way," replied Wilmot. "Hardy has made two of his characters in Jude the Obscure like that. I wonder do novelists really copy from Nature, or do they merely spread through the world the damnable influence of their own morbid creations. I'm sorry for Miss Weyland. No doubt she loves you."

"If she didn't love me it would be different," said Chester, mixing a dose of powder in water, and then gulping it down. "But sometimes it seems to me that if we were married it might be beyond my power to give her such a love as hers is. I'd be swindling her. I could never forgive myself for that, Lee, if I did it with my eyes open; and I do see the wrong—too plainly."

"It's your sickly conscience. You are a victim of a morbid idealism that is sapping your intellectual courage and strength. You don't need any of those cursed narcotic powders; you need a strong, bracing mental tonic; you need to get out of yourself. You should accept love and the great joy it would bring into your life, and stop putting it under your microscope of distorted analysis. Stop the folly of this vivisection of your emotions. Be a man, Chester; be a man. Go out under the stars; fill your mind and heart with the largeness and glory of Nature; get away from yourself." Wilmot, carried away by the heat of his interest, spoke with force unusual for a man of his temperament.

Chester rose and took his hat. "I will try to do as you say, Wilmot. I would give half my life to have your strength. Good-night."

The next morning he saw nothing of Chester, but Mrs. McGowan told him that he had gone to Boston. Furthermore, she did not know when he would return.

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Seventeenth Chapter

IT was a rainy day. Aline Weyland sat at one of the big studio windows doing a piece of needlework. The large panes of glass were sprinkled on the outside with diamond-like drops. She sighed often and allowed her work to lie idly in her lap. She was very unhappy over Chester's strange conduct of late. Now that he had gone away, his every action in the past seemed filled with mystery and despair. His only farewell had been a short note saying that he was called to Boston on business and would return in a few days.

She heard a heavy tread in the corridor, and then there was a rap on her door. It was Mrs. McGowan.

"I thought, as I had nothing to do to-day, I'd run up and see if I could help you about anything," she said smilingly.

"I believe there's nothing now, thank you, Mrs. McGowan."

The landlady crossed the room and laid her red hand on the window-pane.

"Does it get damp inside, I wonder," she said. "If it does, you'll catch cold there."

"ALINE SIGHED OFTEN, AND ALLOWED HER WORK TO LIE IDLY IN HER LAP"

"No; I'm very comfortable, thank you," replied Aline. "I never catch cold."

Aline bent her head to her work, but only once or twice did her needle pass through the cloth she was embroidering. It was as if she felt that she and the landlady were thinking of the same thing. There was a silence of several minutes.

"Miss Aline," broke out Mrs. McGowan suddenly, "do you know what Mr. Chester's special business was in Boston?"

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The girl hesitated, but there was a motherly concern in the landlady's face that she could not resist.

"No, I don't, Mrs. McGowan," was the reply. "He didn't say good-by to us; I suppose he was called away hurriedly."

EDITOR'S NOTE—This serial story of literary life in New York was begun in No. 48 of the POST.

"Maybe so," assented the landlady; "but you, who is a friend to 'im, and myself, can't keep from feeling a little uneasy. He seems to have a powerful lot o' trouble of late. I thought maybe, Miss Aline, you could tell me what was the matter with him."

"I don't know, Mrs. McGowan." There was no mistaking the girl's tone. She was unhappy. Mrs. McGowan sank on the window-seat.

"Forgive me, Miss Aline, if I look too forward," she faltered, "but I've watched you grow up from a little girl, without any lovin' mother to advise you, an' I've laid awake many a night wonderin', Miss Aline, if you ever needed the advice of a woman older than yourself; an' now that you don't look happy an' bright as usual, an' now that Mr. Chester has gone off sudden-like an' your father hasn't seemed to think anything is out of the way—well, I just couldn't stay down there without coming up an' offerin' to help any way I can, Miss Aline. There, now!"

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"You're just as good and sweet as you can be, Mrs. McGowan," answered Aline, deeply moved, "but you can do nothing."

The landlady laid her hands on her knees and her shoulders touched the glass.

"I wish I could be a mother to you," she said, her eyes becoming moist. "I never see you come and go that I don't think of my little girl that would 'a' been about your size an' age if she had 'a' lived. Then, I'll never forget how you come while Harry was so sick an' sat by 'im night after night an' helped me when the poor child seemed to be burnin' up with fever. Miss Aline, I've seen enough of women in my time to know one made of pure gold. And I've seen enough of 'em have heavy loads of sorrow to carry to know that maybe the Lord may treat even a poor child like you that way. Miss Aline, if you ever need the sympathy or help of a woman, come to me. Do, now."

Mrs. McGowan was wiping her eyes on her apron, and she rose clumsily.

"I promise to do so," said Aline, rising and taking the woman's hand.

The landlady shuffled to the door, opened it, and looked out into the corridor.

"Your father's coming, Miss Aline," she said, and the girl put down her work and ran into the studio and met him at the door. She took his rain-cloak and umbrella, as she kissed him, and went to hang them up.

"It's a wretched day, and the light's frightful," he said, "but Mrs. Carlton is impatient about her portrait, and I must get on with it." As he spoke he drew a large easel and its canvas to the window.

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"I don't like to see you work in a bad light," remarked Aline solicitously.

He picked up his palette and brushes, and soon became absorbed in the portrait.

Aline lingered a moment behind his chair, and then she turned back into her own room. Noiselessly she arranged the screen, so that it would conceal her desk from her father's eyes, and then sat down before it and took out her diary, a leather-covered book with a heavy clasp, which locked with a key. She opened it and started to write, but her father's voice disturbed her.

"Daughter," he said, rising and coming to the screen, "may I come in awhile?"

"Certainly, father." She closed her diary and turned toward him.

"Do you know why Chester went off so suddenly?" he asked hesitatingly.

"Not exactly, father." Aline's eyes were downcast.

"Humph!" Weyland ran his fingers upward through his long, heavy, iron-gray hair. "Humph, that chap is acting oddly, eh? Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps so, father. He seems——" She let her words die away in a sigh; then she reddened and continued quickly: "He may have heard of some opening in Boston that he didn't feel at liberty to speak about. He'll explain it all when he returns."

"Oh, yes, of course he will. I only—you see, it was unlike him to dart off so suddenly, without a word."

"He wrote me a note," said the girl. "He said that he was called away hurriedly. He said he'd write from there very soon."

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"Oh, that alters the case!" exclaimed Weyland. But there was something in his tone which betrayed that his first impression still lay on his mind. He put his broad hand caressingly on Aline's head, and then, without another word, went back to his work.

"July 23," Aline wrote, when she reopened her diary. "He went away suddenly last night, leaving only a brief note—such as he writes when most miserable.

"It is raining. The weather seems influenced by my despair. Poor papa; I am afraid he suspects that I love Louis. Yet he loves him as I do. He has known Louis longer, and knows what a noble man he is. Oh, dear, dear diary—you who came from him to me that bright Christmas—you who rested in his dear hands as he brought you up to me—you know how noble, how gentle, how loving he is. I wish I could pour out my troubled heart to you—but I cannot. My pain seems locked up within me. There is nothing which will stop the agony that seems to be consuming my life."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Jim Dawson's Funeral . . . .

by Julia Truitt Bishop

With Drawings by Charlotte Harding

IT WAS evident to the most careless observer that a funeral was in progress at the Cross Roads church. True, even on preaching days the people sat on logs around the church door, or strayed among the graves and read the inscriptions with an air of gentle melancholy, waiting until the preacher was rounding the bend of the road on his old horse before they straggled into the church. But on this occasion there was a different air about the little group. Uncle Silas Benson sat on his accustomed log, and forbore to whittle as was his wont. Old man Bolivar, beside him, was staring thoughtfully at the ground with the air of one who reflects on the briefness of life and the absolute certainty of death for his neighbors. Mr. Teakwood had brought out a chair, and was sitting tilted back against the church wall, with his large hands clasping his knees. In the graveyard, just behind the church, the women were gathered, staring at that other woman who sat beside an open grave, separated from all except the large, yellow dog beside her.

"If this ain't jest like Jim Dawson!" drawled George Smith to the group at the front of the church. "He ain't never been on time at airy appointment he's ever made, and here he is delayin' his own funeral."

"I don't reckin Jim's in any hurry," returned Uncle Silas Benson with a dry, inward chuckle. "I wouldn't rush none if I was in his place; I'd jest go slow."

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The chuckle found instant response. A ripple of silent grins spread over the faces of the assembled mourners.

"What ye reckin it was that Jim died of?" threw out old Bolivar in a general way, at the same time taking off his hat and gazing mournfully into its depths.

"The man didn't know," drawled Mr. Teakwood, slipping by well-established right into his place of spokesman. "'Cordin' to what the man said, he jest slumped, Jim did. It come over him kind o' sudden—first time anything sudden had ever struck Jim. He was a settin' on a box in front o' Skaggses old store; jest a-settin' there an' lookin' at the landscape like as if he'd made it hisself an' was powerful pleased with it——"

"If that wa'n't jest like Jim!" declared George Smith, with a note of distinct admiration in his voice.

"An' all at oncet he begin to slump, the man said, an' was dead before he teched the floor. So the man come on to let us know, so's we could have the grave ready."

"They was powerful good pints in Jim," said old man Bolivar reflectively.

"Yes; I ain't never saw Jim have a fuss with nobody," ventured Mr. Teakwood. "The nighest he ever come to it, I reckin, was that time Buck Simpkins kicked that fetch-takid dog o' Jim's over at the Cross Roads. Jim got down offen the box he was a-settin' on, an' he looked at Buck for about a minute; an' he says, 'I've got a notion to hit ye!' An' then he clim' back on the box, an' that's all they was of it."

"The las' time I seen Jim alive," returned old man Bolivar, "was yistidday mornin' when the sun was about a' hour high. He was mounted on that little sorrel nag o' his'n, an' was a moseyin' along to'ds town then. 'Hello, Jim,' says I. 'What you goin' to town for?' 'Well, I kinder thought I'd go up there an' look aroun',' says Jim. That's all Jim ever has done ever since I've knowed him. He's jes' been a-lookin' aroun'. But they wa'n't no harm in Jim."

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The group of matrons, rounding the corner of the church just then, saw a prospect for diversion, and drew near.

"I wonder what Malviny's goin' to do, now that Jim's gone?" Mr. Teakwood asked of the foremost woman, whose sun-browned face was framed in a pink gingham sunbonnet. "I reckin she can't live there alone, jest her an' the yaller dog. A woman kinder needs a man about the house—to feed the horses—an' skeer away tramps, an'—an' sech like," he concluded rather lamely, for the matron's eye was fixed on him.

"Well, I reckin Malviny 'll go on doin' the work, jest like she's always been a-doin'," was the cutting answer. "I don't want to say no harm o' the dead, but Jim wa'n't no more good to Malviny than a tattered rag."

"Jim wa'n't no great shakes for work," admitted Mr. Teakwood cautiously; "but there wa'n't no harm in Jim—an' anyway, I wouldn't want to speak no harm of the dead."

"I recommember," said Uncle Silas Benson, whetting his knife on the sole of one shoe—"I recommember that when I had my log-rollin' las' spring Jim never got there till the las' log was done rolled an' we was a fixin' to set down to supper; but I never laid it up ag'in' him; an' anyhow, I wouldn't want to mention it, now he's dead. When a man's departed let him rest, an' pile on all the good you can think up about 'im."

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There was a general murmur of assent—a murmur broken by an exclamation from two or three at once.

"They's somebody a-comin' over the hill!"

A moving figure was visible for a moment on the white patch of sandy road that crowned the summit of the distant hill. No doubt it was the advance guard of the approaching funeral. In an instant the group was broken up. Comfortable seats were deserted, and, with one accord, the mourners marched into the graveyard and stood around the open grave, every man with his hat in his hand. They looked half-ashamed, as though the dead had found them criticising him.

The woman in the chair stood up and looked around. She had vaguely expected that she would be able to cry when the time came, but now she discovered, with something like disappointment, that she was not going to *cry* after all. The yellow dog with cocked ears was listening.

The hoof-beats became audible; the dog gave a low whine and began to tremble. The little minister opened his book at the burial service, and kept his finger between the leaves to mark the place.

All at once the dog broke through the group and went bounding out at the open gate, leaping around and around the solitary horseman that pulled up there. For one awful moment the stoutest hearts among them beat faster. Uncle Silas Benson staggered back until his foot caught in a rope-like root, and he sat down unexpectedly upon the heap of earth that had been thrown up from Jim Dawson's grave. The others retreated to the back fence of the graveyard, taking the mounds in nimble leaps; and a few went skimming over the fence itself. Indeed, it is said that George Smith was seen no more until the evening of the next day, when he straggled home, splattered and weary.

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"Well, if this don't beat creation, Jim Dawson!" ejaculated Uncle Silas, who was the first to recover himself. "Here, make that blamed dog keep down! What d'ye mean by this, Jim, comin' back here alive when we was a-fixin' to bury ye?"

"I come to," replied Jim Dawson weakly. It was his only explanation.

"Well, I wisht ye'd a-come to before I blistered my hands helpin' to dig that everlastin' grave for ye!" shouted Uncle Silas irritably. "I ain't got no use for a man that don't know his own mind, even when it comes to dyin'."

"An' now somebody's got to go to work an' fill up that fetch-takid grave," said Mr. Teakwood, beginning to edge away toward his own horse. "O' course we couldn't leave it there, a-starin' ever'body in the face whenever they looked out o' the winders, an' a-makin' 'em think it was a waitin' fur them. Whoa, there, Nance! Hold up your blamed head!"

"Well, I reckin I'll be gittin' along to'ds home," said old man Bolivar, and he, too, stole off in the direction of his horse. "I promised Mandy I wouldn't be gone long—an' I wouldn't, either, if it 'ud 'a' been any other man than Jim Dawson."

With one impulse there was a general move toward the horses and wagons, and, before the dog had ceased his wild jubilation, Jim Dawson and his wife and the dog were alone. Then Mrs. Dawson came into the road, and walked swiftly away toward a cabin on the opposite hill.

"If you're a-comin' you'd better come on," she called curtly over her shoulder. "You've put things off till it's powerful late, an' I've got to go home and git supper."

The rider turned his fascinated eyes from the yawning grave and the heap of red clay beside it, and followed slowly after. The dog trotted beside him, his red tongue hanging, his eyes on his master's face.

Jim Dawson sat down in the door of the cabin while his wife threw things about noisily in her preparations for supper.

"I couldn't help it neither way, Malviny," he began, a tremble of weakness running through his slow drawl. "I was a-settin' there, not a-thinkin' of a thing in the world, when all at oncet I jest slumped; an' likewise I was a-layin' there, not a-thinkin' of a thing in the world, when I come to. I'm sorry ye had all the trouble about gittin' the grave dug, an' goin' to the fun'ral——"

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A timid, yearning note was in the soft drawl, but it brought no response from Malviny. A quicker ear than hers had heard. The dog, whose head had been on his master's knee, suddenly sprang higher and laid his awkward paws on Jim's breast, looking straight into his eyes as only a dog can look.

And then something dawned upon Jim Dawson's troubled consciousness. Surprise and something like exultation was in his voice as he muttered:

"Well, by Ned, the dog's glad I come to!"

"'WELL, IF THIS DON'T BEAT CREATION!' EJACULATED UNCLE SILAS"

DENVER JO'S PROTÉGÉE

The Transformation of Evelyn Minor

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

OUTSIDE—rain, slush, biting cold, and all the discomforts of an early spring night, emphasized by the intermittent illumination of wind-tossed electric lights. Inside—light, shelter, the cheerful clatter of glasses, and human voices. Intervening—there is only a smooth swinging, green-baize door, studded with bright brass nails.

A small, uncertain hand pushed the swinging door inward; a little shivering figure followed the hand; a pair of bewildered, childish eyes wandered, affrighted, over the warm, bright interior of Abe Brent's big saloon.

Twenty pairs of eyes were turned on the timid intruder; a score of amused male voices said "Hello!"

A shy young voice, unsteady from combined cold and fright, answered it:

"I'm dreadful cold, and I'm awful hungry. I thought this was where they fed people. I've got a dime to pay for it."

It was Denver Jo who, flinging down his cards, and pushing his chair noisily back over the bare floor, reached the small, shivering figure in a few long strides.

"It is the place where they feed people, Killdee, and a young lady, with a whole dime to pay for it, can order what she pleases. What shall it be, beefsteak and onions, fried eggs and ham, ice cream, plum pudding? Give your order, Miss."

The child looked dubiously at the small coin clutched between one little red thumb and finger. Then, with a solemn upward glance, she answered hesitatingly:

"All of 'em."

The men seated around the small card-tables received this with such uproarious laughter that she crept closer to Denver Jo's side with a frightened whimper. She felt that in him she had a protector—at least, he had not made fun of her.

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He stooped and gathered her into his arms. Not much of a task, for her little claws of hands were appended to a pair of arms scarcely more substantial than broom-straws, and her slim, black-stockinged leg increased her likeness to a killdee. She looked a wan, white thing against Denver Jo's shaggy coat-breast, and his big heart overflowed with pity. He held her little frozen cheek closer to his own, ruddy and bronzed.

"Why, Killdee, you are cold for true. You oughtn't to left your fires at home such a night as this."

"Haven't got none."

"Where is your home?"

"I live with Jinny, and I hate her."

"Is Jinny your folks?"

"She's all the folks I've got now. She used to be my nurse. I've run away from her—I have."

"Run away! That's a bad thing to do, Killdee; especially on a cold night."

"My name ain't Killdee. It's Evelyn Minor. I'm dreadful hungry."

A man at the card-table laughed boisterously. "You're in for it, Jo."

"No," said another one; "there's the Waifs' Home for such as her."

"Better hand her over to a cop."

"Stow your advice till it's called for, gentlemen," said Denver Jo, with a steely flash of his splendid blue eyes, and, with the child still in his arms, he passed through another swinging door into a room beyond. It was a dining-room, and a woman accountant was perched on a high stool behind the pay-desk.

The big ranchman was a masterful fellow in looks and ways. As he was, also, a ready spender, his masterfulness gave no offense. To the woman's care he confided the child.

"Warm her and feed her, and keep your eye on her until I call for her. Now, then, Killdee, be sure you eat that whole dime's worth, and more if you want it!"

Then he went back to his interrupted game. He had been playing in hard luck all evening. The wheel of chance suddenly revolved in his favor. He retrieved all his losses and multiplied his gains.

"The child's been a mascot to him," grumbled the man whose money Denver Jo raked in with a gay laugh, and Jo said he'd be hanged if he didn't believe that was so.

How to dispose of his mascot for the night cost him some moments of serious perplexity, when, on her account, he withdrew from the game at the reasonable hour of midnight. He could not turn her loose again on the icy streets of the city in which she claimed no home. He was too genuinely superstitious to hand his mascot over to a foundlings' home; nor could he carry her to his bachelor den. He stood over the wooden settee on which the child had fallen into a profound slumber, reflectively stroking his long blonde mustache. Then an amused smile chased the perplexity from his face.

"There's Lyddie. She'll raise Cain, but she's got to take the kid in for the night."

Calling a hansom, he put the only half-roused child into it, well wrapped up in his overcoat. Then he gave the driver an address and took his place by her side.

Miss Lydia was just bowing out her last callers for the evening when, with a soft metallic tinkle, the portières that separated her pretty drawing-room from the corridor parted and enframed, between their rich folds, a curiously contrasting couple.

Denver Jo, a handsome, broad-chested young giant, stood there, still crowned with the wide-brimmed hat that made him a conspicuous figure on the crowded streets of the city. His splendid eyes twinkled with amused consciousness of the sensation he and his companion were creating. The child, enveloped in his shaggy overcoat, above the collar of which her shabby hat found a precarious perch, peered with bright, frightened eyes into the intensely astonished faces which were turned upon her and her friend.

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The lady of the house broke the spell: "Upon my word! Joseph Terence! What prank are you playing on me now?"

"So glad it is your evening for receiving, Lyddie. I was afraid I'd have to roust you out of bed. This is Miss Evelyn Minor, a young lady friend of mine. She wants to spend the night with you, Lyddie."

Miss Terence held herself well in hand until the outer door closed upon her last caller. Then she withered him with a look, and flung herself upon a sofa.

"Now, then, if there is any explanation of this most remarkable proceeding, Joseph, I should like to have it."

They were the only two Terences left. Miss Lydia upheld the traditions of the family, while Denver Jo made the money to uphold them on. But Jo had long since "made his pile," and Miss Lydia's greatest grievance in life was that he would not turn his back on all his "wild Western associations" and return to the amenities of polite city life, with a nice New York girl for wife. Joseph was something of a thorn in her flesh, but, as he was also her banker, Miss Lydia always set discreet limits to her vexation.

Jo bent over the child to divest her of his overcoat while he gave the called-for explanation in as few words as possible.

"Well, you see, it's just this way: This midget came into Brent's saloon when I was having a quiet little game with the boys. She was half frozen and two-thirds starved. I didn't exactly know what to do with her to-night. So, remembering that you had an extra bed, I thought I would dispose of her that way for the present."

Miss Lydia scanned the small, shabby figure, revealed by the removal of Jo's great overcoat, with a lowering brow.

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"I didn't know," she said, with biting scorn, "that you were called on to do anything with her. There are plenty of places for such children."

Jo interrupted her with an ominous narrowing of his lids, and said in that slow, measured fashion, which always bespoke rising temper:

"I thought that I was. Your little spare bedroom will do nicely for Miss Evelyn Minor until we can do better."

Miss Lydia always knew when to strike her colors. She turned toward Jo's mascot with somewhat moderated asperity:

"You say your name is Evelyn Minor? Then, child, do sit still on your chair."

"Yes'm—I'll—I'll try to."

"And your mother is dead?"

"Mamma and papa were killed on the big cars, with lots of other people."

"What cars?"

"Jinny says they called it Ashtabula."

"Oh! And who is Jinny?"

"She used to be my nurse. I hate her. She makes me go out on the streets to beg for her. I just won't do it any more."

"Where does she live?"

"I sha'n't tell you. You'll take me back to her, and I'll run away again."

"You have caught a young Tartar," said Miss Lydia, with a flash of triumph.

"She's got a temper, in common with the rest of us. Suppose you put her to bed, then we can discuss matters."

Miss Lydia looked disgusted.

"Put her to bed! What are you thinking of? How old are you, child?"

"Eleven," the mascot answered curtly.

Denver Jo turned reproving eyes on her.

"Killdee, young ladies never fib about their ages until they get beyond their teens. You mean seven."

"I mean eleven," said the child flushing, "and I don't fib, nohow."

Miss Lydia intervened.

"Well, then, if you are eleven years old, you can put yourself to bed. I suppose I shall have to give her a gown."

•

Considering himself partially addressed, Denver Jo laughed:

"Yes; those transfer fellows are always slow about baggage. Miss Minor's trunk will follow her to-morrow."

"Not here, Joseph."

Jo did not reply directly. He was looking anxiously into the little tired face of his mascot. He drew her between his knees, and taking her small white face between his hands, he studied it carefully.

"No, Killdee; I don't believe you do fib. There isn't a mean line in your face. I was very rude, and I beg your pardon. I hope you will sleep well to-night, Little Mascot."

Miss Lydia, telling the child sharply to follow her, swept out of the room, rustling and indignant.

Jo walked over to the table in the corner to help himself to some of the refreshments. He did not feel as calm as his words sounded.

"A SMALL HAND PUSHED THE SWINGING DOOR INWARD"

"If the little thing wasn't so confoundedly ugly, Lyddie might take a liking to her, but the Terence women had always been so devilishly stuck on what they called style."

At that stage of her existence Evelyn Minor certainly could not lay any claim to style. Decidedly undersized, sallow, and meagre from malnutrition and neglect, there was nothing but the extreme beauty of her soft dark eyes, the delicate curves of her pale little lips, and the fine texture of her abundant hair to discredit the theory Miss Lydia put into acrid expression when she came back to him:

"Well, you have picked up a gutter-snipe, Killdee, indeed, Joseph; that girl belongs to some horrid low creature, who is only too glad to be rid of her."

"I believe the child's story, and I am going to stand by her," said Terence.

"Oh, of course you are at liberty to do as you please. You can even locate her permanently in this apartment, seeing that I am only its nominal head, while you are the real paymaster."

"Have I ever rubbed that in?" he asked angrily, his face flushing.

In common justice, Miss Lydia had to admit that he had not done so.

"Well, then, don't let us quarrel about giving a night's shelter to a forlorn little child. I will be back in the morning to arrange about the kid. Just look after her, will you, until I take her off your hands?"

With that he got up and said good-night. Miss Lydia, grown more cheerful since he spoke of a night's hospitality, promised all that he asked of her.

But Denver Jo did not come back the next day. Instead, a brand new trunk, packed full with wonderful garments, came, addressed to Miss Evelyn Minor. Also, by special delivery, two letters. A short one to Miss Lydia; a longer one to Miss Evelyn Killdee Mascot Minor.

To Miss Lydia he said:

> "*Dear Old Girl:* Don't think you have fallen into a trap, but, when I got back to my room last night I found a telegram requesting my immediate presence in Washington City. As it is about that Spencer matter I told you of, there is too much involved to admit of delay. There's thousands in it, if I win, which I don't in the least expect to do. But I'll fight it out."

To Evelyn he wrote:

> "*Dear Little Killdee:* I expected to see you this morning and to talk over your future plans, but, as I am called away on urgent business, I must leave you and Miss Terence to cultivate each other until I return. I traced your baggage this morning, and the dry goods man promises me that you shall receive it promptly. I hope you will find that you have not outgrown all your things."

"Just like Joseph Terence," said Miss Lydia, who was exploiting the trunk while Evelyn read her letter aloud. "You ought to be very grateful to my brother, child."

"I am," said the child, transferring a dewy glance from the wonderful trunk packed full with pretty, ready-made garments to Miss Lydia's austere face. "I didn't know anybody but God could be so good."

•

Miss Lydia withdrew to her sitting-room and took up her crochet-bag. Her mind was full of the girl.

"She isn't a fool, by any means. If she wasn't such an ugly little wretch I might come in time to rather like her. I might make a lady's maid of her. I'll offer to keep her and train her when Jo goes back to the ranch. I guess that's a good plan."

But Jo had other views for his mascot. His absence extended into a second week. After those two letters, nothing was heard from him until he walked, unannounced, into Miss Lydia's little parlor one afternoon. Its sole occupant was a yellow-haired, solemn-eyed young personage, who was curled up in a big chair by the window, so absorbed in the family album as not to be aware of his approach.

Miss Lydia had gone to a reception, and having severely charged her to admit no one during her absence, it was with a cry of real alarm that the child sprang from her chair.

"Why, don't you know me, Killdee?"

Then a warm wave of pleasure swept into her cheeks, and she sprang toward him with wide arms.

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"Oh, it is you, my good, good Mr. Jo. I never saw you in daylight."

"That's true. And I'm looking my finest now, Killdee. I've got on my swellest togs, Little Mascot. You've brought me luck again. I've gained a lawsuit, since I left you, that I gave up for lost two years ago. Why, Killdee, you'll be the making of me."

A shy smile swept over the child's face.

"I'm so glad," she said. Then, more gravely, "Miss Lydia says you don't always mean what you say."

"Oh, she does, does she? Where did you get that awfully pretty rig, Killdee?"

"Out of my new trunk."

"And that pretty, smooth plaited hair, hanging down your back like great ropes? Did that come out of the new trunk, too?"

"No; Miss Lydia told me to fix it this way. She says she is going to make a little lady's maid of me, but that when I get bigger I shall have to wear crimped caps."

"Oh, you will, will you? Well, we will discuss those crimped caps a little later on. What do you say to a ramble in the park, Killdee, to get a breath of air?"

She shrank back in alarm.

"I might meet Jinny, and she might take me away from you, and I don't want ever again to leave you. Never, never."

She wound her innocent arms about his neck. She looked into his kind eyes with loving gratitude and laid her face on his.

Denver Jo held her close to his great honest heart, and then and there made her a solemn promise which he never broke.

"Little Mascot, nothing but your own outspoken wish shall ever separate thee and me. I'll be your father, your cousin, your brother, anything you choose, Killdee, just as long as you trust me and love me."

And the child answered him solemnly, "That will be forever and forever."

That night Miss Lydia and Jo held their delayed discussion touching the child. They were never quite in unison.

"But you talk as if you meant to hold on to her forever, Joseph. She will grow up into a young lady, while you are still a handsome young man."

"Now, who would you advise me to give her to—to care for her right?"

"So long as you are obstinately set against putting her into any institution—to me."

"To do what with her?"

"To make a maid, a sort of companion of her. She is unusually bright, and really has quite a knack at arranging my rooms artistically."

"If she was a Terence, you would call her 'intellectual,' instead of 'bright,' and her 'knack' would become 'talent.'"

"Well, yes; perhaps I should. But she is not a Terence. The Terences were all talented. You are the only one who never cared to do anything but make money, and now I do think, Joseph, since you have amassed a handsome fortune, you might let me pick you out a nice New York girl for a suitable wife."

"I believe it is Killdee who is under discussion, not myself."

"Oh, I thought we had finished with her."

"By no means. I expect to have Madame Bruce-Brice do that."

"Joseph, you don't mean it? You can't!"

"I most certainly do."

"Why, Madame Bruce-Brice's school is the most select thing of its kind in the city."

"Yes—I expect she is good enough for my little mascot."

"Good enough for your little fiddlesticks. I do believe you men out there on those ranches get to be as superstitious as old crones. Your little mascot, indeed!"

•

Denver Jo wasted no words in self-defense.

"Will you negotiate for her with Madame Bruce-Brice, or shall I?"

Seeing that implacable look settling in his face, Miss Lydia said she would.

"What am I to call the girl?" she asked very tartly.

"Miss Evelyn Minor, the ward of your brother, Joseph Terence." He laid a large command on his sister when she started out as his ambassador: "She is to be taught everything she is capable of learning, and no expense spared." And so, when Jo Terence went back to his big Colorado ranch, it was with a new and very vivid interest in his life. He went out of the crowded city the same blithe and unspoiled creature he had entered it, plus a tender concern for a dove-eyed child who had clung to him passionately in the moment of separation.

"Of course we will write letters to each other every week, Little Mascot, although I'm afraid mine won't be worth the stamps."

"And if I write that my heart is breaking for a sight of you?"

There were tears in her eyes, and he gathered her into his arms with grave tenderness.

"I will come to you from the ends of the earth, Killdee, if you write that you want me to come."

"And when I write, I am to call you——?"

"My dear Uncle Jo."

"No. That's too long. Just 'Dear Jo.'"

Denver Jo laughed and told her she could settle all those minor points to suit herself. He had one more injunction to lay upon her.

"You're a little cloudy about your birthday, Killdee, so we'll select the night when you and I found each other. On that date, of every year, for the five I've entered you, I want you to have a photograph taken to send to me. Then I will be able to see just how far and how fast you are leaving my little Killdee and—and me behind."

•

Four photographs found their way across country to the lonely ranch where Denver Jo still piled up money, which, with his simple tastes, he seemed to find no use for. The first showed him a pale, studious little face, illuminated by the soft, dark eyes that had appealed to him that night at Brent's saloon. "Killdee, a little fleshed up," he said. The last showed Killdee budding into sweet, shy beauty.

"She's going to be a beauty, after all," Denver Jo said without elation of manner, and dropping his head on his folded arms he fell into a profound reverie.

For four years now she had been his—all his. No one had lifted voice or hand to dispute his claim. He had a great pile of her weekly letters, neatly filed away, tied up with conventional blue ribbons. She had gone deeper into his affections with every recurring picture. Unconsciously, Terence had shaped his life by such ideals as he credited Evelyn with. "Killdee wouldn't like that," or, "That wouldn't do for Killdee," was a prohibitive reflection. He had dreamed of a possible future, when she should come out to the ranch on a visit with Miss Lydia for chaperon. Once there——

But somehow Jo always brought himself up with a round turn when his dreaming had safely transferred Evelyn from Madame Bruce-Brice's guardianship back once again into his own.

Her letters occasioned him a vague disquiet. They more and more dealt with subjects upon which he had never expended a moment's thought. He read them over and over again, always arriving at the same depressing conclusion.

"You've flown beyond my reach, Killdee. I can never again so much as touch the hem of your garments. Oh, my little mascot, but once again to feel your cold little cheek pressed against mine would be worth a year of my life."

Almost time for the fifth photograph and for Commencement Day. What should he do with his mascot after Madame Bruce-Brice had "finished" her?

Get Lydia to introduce her into fashionable society? Bah! Bring her out to the ranch to waste her sweetness on its uncouth lips? No, never! Send her traveling from Dan to Bersheba with a chaperon? Fudge! Around and around this knotty problem he traveled, coming never nearer to a solution until the fifth photograph arrived, and with it a note written in the large script affected by Madame Bruce-Brice's graduate class:

> "*Dear Jo:* I send with this number five. I hope you will think I look pretty. I dressed in my commencement toggery so you could see just how I am going to look when I serve my triumphs. White organdy, belted in with white satin ribbon. Pink carnations in my corsage.
>
> "You have never yet written me that you would come to see me graduate, but I have not forgotten that you once said you would come whenever I wrote that I wanted you very much. Dear Jo, I do want you to come to me very much. Please do. Come soon."

Terence sat a long time with this note and number five in his hand. His eyes rested tenderly on a sweet, demure face, lighted up by large, dark eyes, framed about with a glorious mass of hair. Denver Jo's kind heart swelled as he gazed upon the pictured, innocent face of the little child he had rescued.

•

"My little Killdee, you are beautiful as an angel, and as good. What shall I do with you? how can I best make you happy?—the selfish brute that I am!"

The very next morning he was on his way East. Killdee wanted him. He had a very slight margin of time to go upon. If nothing happened, he should reach New York City on the morning of Commencement Day and be on time.

But things did happen, and the evening of Commencement Day found Denver Jo rushing into a brand new evening suit with a sense of tardiness that amounted to guilt. Never a moment of time to say "Howdy" before the curtain should go up on his darling.

Arrived at Madame Bruce-Brice's, he found himself wedged into the one chair left in a row. It was between some dowagers, who had also come late. Printed programs were in everybody's hand. Jo had one. He saw only one name on it: "Miss Evelyn Minor"—beneath it her rôle.

Suddenly a whispered conversation began behind his back. Jo would never have heard a word of it but for Evelyn's name coming into it. Then he listened with all his soul.

"It is a coincidence; it is most remarkable. 'Evelyn Minor' is not an every-day combination. I must see Madame Bruce-Brice as soon as the exercises are over."

"Wouldn't it be remarkable if it should be poor John's little girl. She would just be about a graduating age, too."

•

Cold chills ran down Denver Jo's back. Great beads stood out on his forehead. His handsome face twitched with pain. But with that blunt directness which Miss Lydia said "must always tell against Jo in the parlor," he faced squarely around in his chair.

"Pardon me, ladies, but Miss Evelyn Minor is my ward. Is she—is there——"

He was looking straight into a pale, high-bred face, full of suppressed excitement. Its owner leaned toward him eagerly:

"Your ward? Then you—oh, I must get at this at once. Please come with me into Madame Bruce-Brice's private parlor, so that we can talk this matter over thoroughly."

The two women got up and worked their way out along the closely packed chairs. Denver Jo followed them, with the air of a man going to the place of execution. They had to cross the large central hall to reach Madame's private apartments. As Denver Jo reached the newel-post of the long flight of steps, a pair of white-slippered feet descending them suddenly accelerated their pace. A dove-eyed girl, with a big bunch of pink carnations pinned in her corsage, fairly alighted in his arms.

"Oh, you have come, Jo, dear Jo! But you're going wrong! You ought to be in the big parlor! I'm going on right now!"

•

Terence held her a second, stroking her shining hair mechanically. Something had happened, or was about to happen. She was no longer his to care for. He had no right to one little kiss. He dared not look into her soft, pleading eyes. He put her resolutely away from him.

"There, my darling, run along. I'll—I'll look out for you. I'll be there in time."

Then he followed the ladies into Madame's private parlor. The pale, high-bred one was wringing her hands nervously. She had witnessed the meeting.

"Your ward seems very fond of you."

"She is a grateful little creature, and fancies that she owes me something. Now, then, ladies, your story first, please."

He smiled bravely, but his handsome face was as white as the pocket handkerchief he drew across his moist brow. It was a very short one, and the tall, pale lady told it with hysterical energy. Told how, almost eight years before that date, she had been looking forward joyously to the arrival of her only brother, his wife, and little girl on a visit. How the husband and wife had been identified among the victims of the Ashtabula catastrophe, but the whereabouts of the trusty nurse—a woman named Jinny—and the child, a girl named Evelyn Minor, had remained an unsolved mystery up to that night. The lady, who introduced herself as Mrs. Paul Slocum, said that, while she had no children to educate, she had come to Madame's commencement as a sort of mild dissipation. The name of her niece had, of course, attracted her attention. If this should really prove to be poor John's daughter, a brilliant future awaited her, as her estate had been carefully tended during her minority.

"'OH, YOU HAVE COME, JO, DEAR JO!'"

A short story, but Denver Jo's heart ached most intensely while he listened to it.

"I expect," he said slowly, trying very hard to look composed, "there can be little doubt about her being your niece. You've told me nothing I had not heard from her, except, of course, about your kinship. I don't think I've done her any harm in educating her here——"

"The very choice I should have made myself," said Killdee's aunt graciously. "Of course we shall reim——"

Jo gave his splendid head a leonine shake. Mrs. Slocum did not care to finish her sentence.

"I expect," he said icily, "I had best leave you to explain matters to your niece. I'm not good at such things. I'll—I'll just leave a line for her, telling her—I—I forgot I had an engagement downtown."

•

And quietly appropriating some of the delicately perfumed stationery Madame's desk was strewn with, he wrote:

> "*Darling Little Mascot:* It would seem as if Providence knew just exactly when to step into our lives. Just as Denver Jo had gotten to the end of his rope, and was wondering what on earth he should do with the sweetest and dearest little mascot in the world after she left school, her aristocratic kin step in, claim her and take her away from him.
>
> "Good-by and God bless you, my dear child. Every day of my life I shall thank Him for having lent you to me for a little while, though I have to give you up now."

The answer to this remained a long time unopened on Denver Jo's desk at the ranch. After that evening of amazing revelations, Evelyn had called on Miss Lydia.

She knew nothing of her brother's movements. Joseph never had treated her with proper respect. He ought to, at least, have called and told her about Mrs. Slocum. She hoped Miss Minor would not entirely forget the Terences and what she owed them.

Evelyn went back to her new home, and after a short time wrote to Jo:

> "*Dear Jo:* I never could have believed you would be so glad to get rid of me. Mrs. Slocum—my Aunt Julia—is very nice. I am glad to find that I belong to nice people. But she is not you. Nobody can ever be you to your loving Little Mascot. My Aunt Julia says I am to ask you to come here, so that she can make her proper acknowledgments to you. I ask you to come because I want you to come. Is that reason enough?"

Denver Jo had always scornfully snubbed the idea that any rational human being could enjoy travel for travel's sake, and yet here he was, rushing as fast as steam could carry him, over seas and over continents, like one pursued, which, in point of fact, he was: By the image of a sweet-faced, dove-eyed girl in a white organdie, belted in with a shining satin sash. He could scent the carnations yet, as their sweetness was wafted to him when she sprang to embrace him.

•

He became a great reader of the society columns in the American papers, which, of course, he found everywhere. Miss Minor's name appeared frequently. The romance of her life crept into print. Denver Jo was spoken of as her guardian. Denver Jo smiled bitterly, and wondered how long before they would vary the theme by bringing Brent's saloon into prominent connection with the "fair *débutante*."

Finally, weary of his aimless wanderings, Jo went home, to find on his desk another photograph, and with it a letter—or—was it a letter? This is it:

> "One day a grand, good man said to a poor little girl, 'Little Mascot, nothing but your own outspoken wish shall ever separate thee and me. I'll be your father, your cousin, your brother, anything you choose, Killdee, just as long as you trust me and love me.' And the poor little girl answered: 'That will be forever and forever.' And, furthermore, the grand, good man promised the child who believed in him to come to her whenever she said she wanted to see him very much. Dear Jo, I want to see you very much, and I'm going to keep on sending photographs until I get so old and ugly you won't know what to do with them."

"It's gratitude," said Jo, with a sort of fierce impatience. "She thinks she owes me something. She hasn't seen enough of me to place me where I belong—beneath her precious little feet. I'll go and let her measure me by her sort, then she'll drop me for the fraud I am."

He went, honestly minded to put this threat into execution. Jo never made a more distinguished failure. It was his lot to reach the city in time to attend a crush at Mrs. Slocum's in honor of her niece's nineteenth birthday.

Miss Lydia, who had ordered an expensive new gown for the occasion, told Jo that it was confidently expected Miss Minor's engagement to DeWitt Livingston would be announced on this occasion.

"Then I am just in time," said Terence, with a grim smile, "to do the guardian act once more, and give her my blessing."

He towered so majestically over the heads of the gilded youths who were hovering about Evelyn, that she became immediately aware of his presence, and advanced toward him with a glad light in her lovely eyes.

"I knew you would come, when I wrote that I wanted you."

It was all the big fellow could do not to gather her up in his arms, as he had done once before, and press her to his heart.

•

He never knew whether he dared, or she contrived, but there came a moment in that intoxicating evening when he found himself sitting alone with Killdee in a cool conservatory, with palms and orchids making a green solitude for them, and he said bluntly:

"I am too old and rough to stand by your side in that fine company, Killdee. I came, my dear, to tell you—that—that I am so glad you have found some fellow good enough to be loved by you. I hope you will be very happy. And, Killdee, you're to forget that you and I ever depended on each other. You don't need me now."

There were tears in the soft eyes that were raised timidly to his.

"You never needed me, Jo, or you wouldn't have dropped me the very first minute you found somebody to take me off your hands."

Which was more than mortal man could stand. For the first time in his life Jo Terence argued a point in self-defense. He must have done it very successfully, for, with a shy, sweet smile, Evelyn put her arms around his neck and laid her cheek lovingly against his.

"There, dear, you say you have longed to feel my cheek against yours, and now you shall. But, Jo, you must never, never again compare yourself with the men in Aunt Julia's parlor. I can't stand it. You are a King among men, Jo, only you are such a stupid dear that you've been waiting for me to introduce you to yourself."

Then they went back into the crowd.

When Miss Lydia was buying still another gown, to wear at Jo's wedding, she told her dressmaker that she had been working for this same dénouement for several years.

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The Boomerang of the Monroe Doctrine

THE essence of the Monroe Doctrine is the assumption by the United States that no European Power has any right to acquire new territory on this hemisphere, and that such acquisition would be a menace to our National peace and security. This position, according to the Monroe Doctrine, we should defend by force of arms, if necessary. Such is clearly the meaning of the honeyed words of diplomatic phrasing: "it is impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference." The policy has been that we will tolerate no interference from European Powers in the political status or ownership of any State, colony or territory on this continent. For seventy-five years Uncle Sam has placed "Please-Keep-Off-the-Grass" signs over all North and South America, and no island has been too small to escape the placard notice: "Private Grounds. No Trespassing Allowed. By Order of the Owner of Adjacent Property." The Powers of Europe have not agreed with Uncle Sam upon the question, and have several times approached a warm argument with him.

In 1823 the "Doctrine" had its origin in a claim of Spain to interest in some territory on our hemisphere; in 1898, three-quarters of a century later, the same Doctrine will be tested by our claim of ownership in some territory on Spain's hemisphere. We are facing the questions: "Shall we acquire the Sandwich Islands; shall we retain the Philippines; shall we put all the territorial peace-offerings Spain may shortly give us down on the new list of "foreign colonies"? Shall we open a new account in the books of the nation?" If we do this we are caught by the boomerang of the Monroe Doctrine. We cannot say to the world: "No nation can acquire new colonies on our continent, but we can fly our flag over whatever territory we will." If we crowd others off this continent, we thereby limit ourselves to it. We cannot extend our territory beyond the oceans without abrogating our claims in the Monroe Doctrine. On the day that a new foreign colony for America is born, the Monroe Doctrine must die. The two cannot co-exist. If we do not recognize this, we put ourselves into as ridiculous a position as the near-sighted Irish duellist who wanted to stand nearer to the other man than the other man stood to him.

There come to nations, as to individuals, crucial moments which sweep the old order of things into nothingness. There are acts of ours which overthrow old faiths, old ideals, old principles, as a tornado wrecks a town. We are forced to place our new life in harmony with a new environment; we have to get our bearings anew; we seek to adjust a new and changed individuality to new needs, new duties, new responsibilities. We may be better, we may be worse—the one certainty is that we are different. As a nation we shall have to get into the perspective of years in order to see fully how much the war with Spain has changed us. Have we outgrown the Monroe Doctrine with all its restrictions? This is a direct issue we must face. The fulfillment of our duty to Cuba, the Philippines, the Canaries, and the others, may make it necessary to sacrifice a policy, wise and expedient as a protection in our days of youth—but, perhaps, hampering and weakening in our National manhood. Can we give back to Spain her confiscated colonies, in a mood of forgiveness, when the horrors of war are past? If so, the war of humanity has been a failure and a crime against the brave soldiers and sailors who died for the cause. Should we give back to the wolf her prey merely because she has been whipped into surrendering it?

Can we sell these colonies to some other nation? If we have no right to possess the land, surely we have no right to sell it. If we have no right to interfere in the present equilibrium or relation of the Powers, by holding the territory, we surely have no right to disturb the present relation by adding to the influence and power of "the highest bidder." This is the boomerang of the Monroe Doctrine. Sacrifice this policy and the problem becomes simplified; cling with the relic-loving instinct to the Doctrine, and we are confronted with a maze of dilemmas. The mother who asked her child why she continued to sit in the glare and heat of the sun, streaming through the window, was met with the infantile assertion of rights: "Well, I won't move, 'cause I got here first!"

When the sun of National progress, ushering in the dawn of the twentieth century, makes it warm and uncomfortable for the Monroe Doctrine—it might be wise for the Monroe Doctrine to move.

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Training Students to be Men

NOW that the graduate in his commencement oration has pointed out the course which the nation should pursue, the college student, as an institution, will sink into obscurity, for a while at least. With the summer months, too, comes a cessation of collegiate sport. But in spite of the fact that many a collegiate course is simply an athletic course, that a collegiate record is more desirable than an academic degree, there is a wholesome quality about the athletic rivalry of colleges. Of late years the old atmosphere of jealousy, distrust and sullen antagonism has vanished. The recent boat race at New London furnished an example of three great college crews striving in friendly rivalry—for what? For applause from spectators and the mere consciousness of high athletic achievement. But the preparation for that race involved long and trying hours of practice, the highest physical endurance, months of hard work, patience, and the greatest self-denial.

In the careful and systematic training rather than in victory lies the great reward. Many college athletes have dropped the bat and oar to take up the rifle as defenders of their country; they will be all the better soldiers and all the better men because of their exacting athletic training. No! athletics in colleges may be carried too far, but the lessons learned in the training quarters are fully as valuable as the lessons learned in the lecture-room. In after-life the moods and tenses of the Greek verbs will be forgotten, but the self-reliance, the pluck, the persistence demanded on the crews, on the track, on the athletic field, become habit, and are foundation stones of health, wealth and success.

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From Victoria Cross to Music Hall

THE ingratitude of Republics has long been a favorite theme with writers living under a less enlightened form of Government than ours. But now a strange story comes from that monarchy which, by reason of its kinship to us, has most often felt privileged to exercise the brotherly right of criticism. When Findlater, the Scot who piped the British troops to victory at Darghai, returned to England, he received plaudits from his countrymen, the Victoria Cross from his Sovereign, and an honorable discharge from the Army. For the bullets of Darghai had unfitted him for further service.

Crippled, and equally unable to follow the colors or engage in active labor, the heroic piper found himself facing a future of poverty. His Cross brought him but ten pounds a year. Small wonder, then, that he accepted an offer to appear nightly on the stage of the Alhambra and play his now historic pipes. But with his first appearance, that awful personage, the British letter writer, was turned loose. News was crowded from provincial papers by communications from Disgusted Scots and Humbled Patriots. The tumult finally became so great that it even penetrated the thick walls which surround the authorities, and a place for Findlater was found in the Royal Household.

It has not occurred to his excited critics to consider where lies the blame for his action—if blame there be; that a system which throws the Findlaters upon the world is wrong. Here in America we are remembering the heroes of our present war promptly and generously, and so far as our veterans are concerned, and the figures of our pension roll are a standing refutation of the charge that Republics are ungrateful.

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Loyal Americans in an Emergency

IN NOTHING is the majestic greatness of the American people more manifest than in the way the war tax has been received. It means an additional financial burden for practically every one to bear, but there has been no remonstrance, no whimper of complaint. In any other country it might have resulted in a popular uprising; increased taxes have frequently resulted in revolution; instead of revolutions we have resolutions, coming from great commercial and industrial bodies, thanking Congress and the President for their course of action.

The present war cannot be conducted entirely by the men at the front. They must feel back of them the entire American people; they must be conscious of the moral and practical support of a nation; they must feel assured of the sympathy and encouragement of every true American. In order to quickly end this war for humanity the country needs funds, and it has been seen fit to impose a system of taxes on certain commodities. This will bring in sufficient money to prosecute the war along the lines laid down, but the response in funds pales in comparison with the spirit in which the taxation has been received by the people. The nation expects from its citizens hearty and loyal support; no more convincing proof could be given than the patriotic and eager acceptance of the increasisl taxes which they have to bear.

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The Public Craving for Exciting News

THREE months ago, a story from the Klondike, a sensational speech, or a mysterious murder, would have achieved the distinction of a place on the first page of the newspapers, and have been eagerly devoured by their readers. But with the beginning of the war, the old run of news lost its flavor, and became dull and commonplace beside the exciting possibilities of the new conditions. The public would have none of it; and to-day the sensations of yesterday are either unnoticed or dismissed in a few lines in an obscure corner of the paper.

The new appetite has grown as it has been fed. During the first week of the war, the capture of a Spanish sloop or steamer appeased it. But a diet of peaceful prizes produced a craving for craft that would show fight. They were forthcoming. From fighting merchantmen to men-of-war was but a step, and straightway an insatiable public began to call for the more highly seasoned article. Dewey destroyed a fleet, and the country was gorged—for a week. Then came Santiago. And still the cry was more, and stronger. Captures of prizes had become incidents, and bombardments trifles. Nothing but pitched battles, and plenty of them, will satisfy now.

But these come not every day, and, in the meantime, those newspapers which have been serving up an edition, piping hot, every hour, have been hard pressed to fill their space. For every item of war news they have been giving a dozen "persistent rumors" of a few lines, with a full page heading of subjunctives in staring type. In their anxiety to satisfy the new demand, regardless of the supply of material, they have overdone it and overreached themselves. Even were the fate of nations to be decided, they could not announce it in bolder headlines; for they have exhausted the possibilities of type and space. Nor can they issue later extras without dating them a day ahead; for already their midnight editions are on the street in the early afternoon. They have kept nothing in reserve with which to startle when something worth while happens.

THE SECRETS OF BUSINESS SUCCESS

PRACTICAL TALKS BY PRACTICAL MEN

Why Some Men Fail in Business

IN THE course of an address before the St. Paul Credit Men's Association, a merchant of that city, referring to the classification of the causes of business failures in the United States and Canada, said:

"I find that in the United States, in the year 1893—and it runs pretty nearly the same from 1893 to 1896—thirty-three and one-third per cent. of the failures in business were from lack of capital. The next twenty-two per cent. were caused by commercial crises. This, to my mind, is vague and indefinite. The next cause given is incompetency. That is clear and distinct.

"Although this table shows that more men fail from lack of capital than any other one cause, I believe that the principal cause of failures is incompetency. My experience of nearly forty years in dealing with men has taught me that the great majority are honest, and that they will pay their debts if they can.

"The percentage of failures through incompetency, as given in this table, is sixteen per cent., but I would add to that what is given below under separate headings: Unwise credits, five per cent. This, I think, is only incompetency. Next, neglect of business (which is also incompetency), three per cent. Undue competition is nearly two per cent. It follows, then, that as many men fail from incompetency as from lack of capital.

"It may be interesting to know some of the other causes of failures. Inexperience is responsible for above six per cent. Of course any man who is inexperienced in business is very likely to fail. Experience is something that neither honesty nor ability can supply. It comes only after long contact with men in the carrying on of a business. The next cause of failure is speculation. The business man who speculates, in the sense that we commonly understand it, in wheat or stocks, is one with whom we should have nothing to do. Finally, in order, come extravagance, fraudulent disposition, and disasters."

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What Makes a Successful Merchant

WHAT is it to be a merchant? asks the Commercial Bulletin and Northwest Trade. The calibre of a man is best measured by his ability to endure against competition. The bookkeeper is of the first rank only when he is able to stand by the side of good workmen and hold his own. The merchant may buy and sell goods at some trading-point apart from competition, but this does not make him a real merchant. He is rather a man who is engaged in mercantile pursuits, without possessing those qualifications that would fit him for mercantile life. A merchant is very much more than this. He is a business man.

Our successful merchants were, in the main, country boys. They learned in boyhood the correct basis of action, and the competitive centres have given them the opportunity to prove their fitness for a merchant's career. They have stood the test. They are true merchants.

This leaves the proposition clear. It does not follow because you are engaged in the sale of goods that you are a merchant. Your environment may make it possible for you to continue in the business, and at the same time indulge in practices unknown in the successful merchant's career.

Study the methods of successful business men. Why are they successful? There is a reason for it, just as there is a reason for everything that happens. Success is not a thing of chance. Sometimes the unsuccessful man contents himself with the idea that his failure is due to accident. But this is not foundation reasoning. It does not explain why one succeeds and another does not. It is foolish to live under such a delusion; for a delusion it is. The reason why success comes to men is that they work intelligently for it and along lines which are legitimate.

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Enthusiasm in One's Business

A MAN can no more be successful in a business that he does not like than he can be happy with a wife whom he does not love, says the Furniture Journal.

Enthusiasm is the power which impels men onward in any and every vocation. Without it, men are lethargic. They drift.

Drifting, however, does not win the race, either in business or aquatic events. There must be the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull with vigor.

Men in business to-day have no easy task. There is a great deal to discourage and very little to encourage. There are foes within and foes without to contend with. Under such conditions it is no wonder many either fail altogether or eke out a mere existence.

The antidote for despair is enthusiasm; and the germ of enthusiasm is love for, or pleasure in, that business or vocation in which you are embarked.

Therefore, if you would succeed, get thoroughly in love with your business.

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Spurring a Man to Success

"THERE'S nothing like giving a boy a little encouragement once in a while," said a wealthy downtown merchant the other day. "I know I owe a great deal to a remark a crabbed old farmer made to me when I was quite small.

"I was trying to split a cross-grained hickory log, and, as our wood-pile was close by the roadside, my efforts attracted the notice of the farmer, who stopped his team.

"I was greatly flattered by his attention, because he was the crossest and surliest man in town, and never took any notice of us boys, except to sit in his orchard with a shotgun in his hand when the apples were ripe. So I put in my best licks, and covered my hands with blisters, but the log refused to split. I hated to be beaten, but there seemed no help for it. The old man noticed my chagrin.

"'Humph! I thought you'd hev to give it up!' he said with a chuckle.

"Those words were all I needed.

"I made no reply; but the way that axhead went into that log was a revelation to me. As I drove it into the knots, they yielded. There was a cheerful crackle, the gap widened, and soon the halves lay before me and the farmer drove off discomfited.

"But I never forgot that scene. When I first went into business I made mistakes, as every young man will. But whenever I got caught in a doubtful enterprise I remembered that my friends were standing around waiting for the chance to say: 'I thought you'd have to give it up.'

"In spite of himself, that old farmer gave me the keynote of my success.

"So you see that, if a boy has any grit in him, he is bound to profit by the right sort of encouragement; and, in that connection, I may remark a well-placed sneer is often worth more than a barrel of taffy."—Puck.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY H. CLAYTON GRAFF

THE FINEST LIBRARY IN THE WORLD

By RENÉ BACHE

III. The Literary Treasures of the Library

A GREAT library is a monument to the human intelligence. It is a storehouse of the mind, in which are preserved the best and most useful thoughts of mankind—a priceless legacy bequeathed by the past to the present and the future.

The Library of Congress may be said to have been started in Philadelphia, where Congress was sitting, in 1800, when it made an appropriation of $5000 for a Government collection of books. The volumes bought with this money were shelved in the Capitol at Washington, and were destroyed fourteen years later, when the British burned the building. It is related that when the invaders entered the House of Representatives, Admiral Cockburn seated himself in the Speaker's chair. Calling the assemblage of his followers to order, he shouted: "Gentlemen, the question is, shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned? All in favor of burning it will say Aye!" There was a unanimous affirmative response, and presently soldiers and sailors were busily engaged in collecting combustible material. The books of the library were used as kindling to start the fire in the north wing.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY H. CLAYTON GRAFF

NORTH SIDE OF CENTRAL CORRIDOR

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The beginning of a new library was promptly made by the purchase, authorized by Congress, of 6700 volumes belonging to Thomas Jefferson. The author of the Declaration was in financial trouble at the time, and was glad to accept $23,700 from the Government for the bulk of his valuable collection of books. From this small nucleus the National Library grew, until, in 1850, it contained about 55,000 volumes. In December, 1851, fire destroyed three-fifths of the collection, or 35,000 of the books. Congress gave money to replace the burned volumes, and since then the growth of the library has been unchecked. It now contains 787,715 books and 218,340 pamphlets.

It would hardly be worth while to go into the details of the classification of books in the Library of Congress. There will be more of interest in a discussion of some of the curiosities and rarities which it contains. The biggest books in the great collection are bound files of old-fashioned newspapers. Among the heaviest are Bibles printed in the Middle Ages, with brass clasps and covers of wood an inch thick. Contrasted with these giants are dwarfs three inches by two inches in size, such as "waistcoat-pocket editions" of Horace and other classics. There are 16,562 bound volumes of newspapers, and 43,362 volumes of periodicals, and this branch of the collection is increased by 1500 volumes annually. Among the rarities in this line is a complete copy of the Official London Gazette running back from the present day to the period of the Restoration in England. There are also complete copies of the London Times from 1766, of the Allgemeine Zeitung from 1798, and the Paris Moniteur from 1789. In these files alone may be studied the contemporary history of three great nations; the oscillations of frontiers, the upheaving and overturning of dynasties; the passing of William III, Marlborough, Frederick and Napoleon; the Revolution in France, the execution of Marie Antoinette; Waterloo, Trafalgar, Austerlitz, Sedan. The American newspaper literature preserved in the library runs back to the pre-Revolutionary period.

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Mr. Spofford intends to establish a sort of literary museum, in which rare and queer books of all sorts will be displayed under glass. Among them will be old Bibles and other volumes laboriously copied and illuminated by Mediæval monks. There will be a "palæographic" collection, illustrating the progress of the art of writing from the earliest times. A small assemblage of books kept carefully by itself is composed of volumes printed on wall-paper. They were published in the South during the Civil War, when ordinary white paper was a scarce article. Speaking of paper, the quality of that material used by modern cheap periodicals and by newspapers is so poor that an amendment is likely to be made in the copyright law requiring that all publications submitted for copyright shall be printed on a paper not below a fixed grade. The trouble is that files of such cheap publications are likely to crumble to dust after a quarter of a century or so, and thus would be wholly lost. In order to meet the requirement suggested, nothing is needed beyond a few sheets of good paper and a moment's delay of the work in the pressroom.

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An important department of the library, which as yet is undeveloped, is the section of Manuscripts. At present it occupies only a small corner of the new building, but some day it will be greatly expanded and will invite much attention from visitors. There will be a collection of autograph letters of all of the Presidents and of other distinguished Americans. Here, also, will be stored eventually the valuable archives of the various executive departments of the Government. The Department of State has a great quantity of material of this sort which is beyond price, including 336 volumes of the papers of Washington, seventy-five volumes of the papers of Madison, 137 volumes of the papers of Jefferson, thirty-two volumes of the papers of Franklin, and twenty-two volumes of the papers of Monroe. For these papers Congress paid $165,000. The archives of the War Department contain much matter of great interest in manuscript: for example, the oaths of allegiance taken at Valley Forge by the officers of the American Army from Washington down. Not less valuable are the archives of the Navy Department, which were saved by removing them before the British burned the building in 1814.

Mr. Young and Mr. Spofford are not obliged to contend against some of the difficulties which bothered librarians in ancient times. It must have been hard work to arrange and catalogue an Assyrian collection of thirty-five centuries ago, consisting of tablets of clay, inscribed with the stylus and baked. Hardly more convenient for handling were the rolls of papyrus which represented the next step in the art of book-making. Papyrus, made from a kind of reed, became as brittle as dead leaves after a while. The oldest papyrus book extant was written about 2500 B. C., by an old gentleman, who took for his topic the degeneracy of the age and the people as compared with a previous epoch. Papyrus was succeeded by parchment, which to this day is utilized for sumptuous editions of books. It has the advantage of lasting indefinitely. The finest kind is the skin of the calf's intestines. The ancients rubbed parchment with pumice, and made it so thin that the whole of Homer's Iliad is said to have been written out and inclosed in a walnut-shell.

Another interesting section of the library is the division of Maps. Already it possesses 25,000 sheet maps and 1200 atlases. Owing to the crowded condition of things in the old library quarters at the Capitol, many of the maps were more or less mangled, but much labor has been devoted recently to repairing and cleaning them. Photographs of rare maps are to be acquired wherever the originals are not obtainable. For instance, the Historical Society of Philadelphia has the only known copy of a map of our western country which was drawn by John Fitch in 1798. One of the notable things about it is that it was printed on a cider-press. The Library of Congress is particularly rich in early maps of America, and some of them are very curious. There are a number, printed in the latter part of the seventeenth century, which show the peninsula of Lower California as an island, while all beyond to the northwest is a blank. It is said that this notion of the insular character of Lower California was originally derived from an English traveler, who pretended that he had circumnavigated it. Another map, published in 1685, shows the Delaware River under the name of South River, the Hudson being designated as the North River. It is rather odd that this name for the Hudson has survived with a great many New Yorkers even to the present time.

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Two sections of the library are given over to the literature of architecture and the fine arts. The finest hall in the new building is set apart for the Department of Graphic Arts, and in it there will soon be a superb display of etchings, engravings, and illustrations of other kinds, running down even to chromos and fashion-plates. This exhibit will be so arranged as to illustrate the mechanical methods by which printed pictures of various sorts are produced. For example, the successive stages through which an etching goes in the process of its manufacture will be shown. Most interesting of all, perhaps, will be the display of photographs. Of these the library now possesses 33,256, and the collection is increasing very rapidly, a mounted specimen of every copyrighted photograph being required from the owner of the negative. In the old quarters at the Capitol the photographs were piled in heaps, so as to be of no use to anybody. At present they are being catalogued and arranged in such a manner that any one of them can be referred to at a minute's notice. They are subdivided into classes, as portraits, marine views, still-life, architecture, reproductions of paintings, etc. Only a few days ago 800 portraits of eminent Americans were discovered among some unrelated stuff, including nine of Jefferson, thirty of Lincoln, thirty of Franklin, and 138 of Washington. These will be the foundation of a collection of portraits of distinguished men. Another "find" consisted of portfolios of photographs of scenes in Paris during the reign of the Commune in 1871, contributed by E. B. Washburne, at that time Minister to France. The newest addition to the library is an annex to the section of Graphic Arts. It is called the Hall of the Presidents, and in it are arranged in chronological order an immense number of photographs and other pictures illustrating the

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THE UPPER STAIRWAY, SHOWING MOSAIC OF MINERVA

EDITOR'S NOTE—The three articles in this series appear in Numbers 52, 1, and 2, and will be devoted to three phases of the subject:

I The Artistic Beauties of the Library
II The Mechanical Wonders of the Library
III The Literary Treasures of the Library

successive Administrations from Washington to McKinley. They are displayed in a series of cases, under glass. The first case to the right, as one enters, is devoted to pictures that relate to President McKinley. There are a score or more of his photographs. In one of them he stands with his hands folded behind him, looking very much indeed like the great Napoleon.

In others he is seen in his private office at the White House, consulting with Secretary Porter; reading his Inaugural address, with Mr. Cleveland standing by him; in the act of taking the oath as Chief Executive, administered by Chief Justice Fuller; leaving the Senate Chamber arm-in-arm with Mr. Cleveland, and followed by the diplomatic big-wigs; receiving a telegram on the lawn of his house at Canton—and seated with his Cabinet.

Another of his wife and mother listening to his Inaugural address. There is a photograph of the Inaugural Ball, and another of Mr. Cleveland and himself in their carriage, drawn by four horses, in the Inaugural procession. To complete the collection, there are photographs of Mrs. McKinley, Mother McKinley, and Brother Abner McKinley's daughter. All of them are good.

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The next case is the Cleveland case, containing photographs of Mr. Cleveland, and a group taken of himself with his Cabinet. There is a picture of Mrs. Cleveland, and the ladies of the Cabinet, with a lot of photographs of Mrs. Cleveland herself, made at various times. In one of these she appears as a young bride, just after she was married at the White House. Scenes at the Cleveland Inauguration are not omitted.

In the Harrison case are photographs illustrating his inauguration, together with pictures of Mrs. Harrison, of Mrs. Dimmick—who is the present Mrs. Harrison—and of the Harrison Cabinet. The most interesting feature of the Arthur case is a photograph of that sport-loving President at lunch in the Adirondacks. He is sitting on a campstool, at an improvised table, and evidently has just finished his meal, for an empty melon is before him on his plate.

It is obvious how great is the historical value of a collection of this kind. Passing from case to case, one reviews the Administrations of the Government seratim. The Grant exhibit, naturally, is very full. There are photographs of his tomb, decorated with masses of flowers; of the great memorial parade in New York; of the catafalque leaving the New York City Hall with his body, and even one of the humble home in Missouri which he occupied before the war, calling it "Hard Scrabble" on account of his unfortunate circumstances at that period. These are supplemented by many engravings and other pictures illustrating important actions in the war in which he took part. In the Lincoln case are photographs of his inauguration in 1861, and of the Board which tried his assassins.

There are several campaign costumes of the period in which Lincoln is represented. The Andrew Johnson case has a picture of his little tailor's shop at Greenville, Pennsylvania. It is noticeable that the photographs disappear after the Lincoln case is passed, and that their place is taken by engravings and contemporary campaign cartoons. The Andrew Jackson exhibit includes a picture of the magnificent sarcophagus which was presented to him in 1845, and which he refused on the ground that his mortal body ought not to be laid in a depository prepared for a King. By far the most extensive display is that of Washington, which includes pictures of members of his family, of his first Cabinet, of his inauguration, and of various scenes in his military history. There is a portrait of Martha Washington as a young girl, and another portrait of Washington himself as an infant lying in his mother's arms.

The Division of Music is one of the most important and interesting in the Library of Congress. It embraces about 1,000,000 compositions. Since 1871 the library has received two copies of every piece of music copyrighted in the United States. Now that there is international copyright, great numbers of foreign musical compositions are sent to Washington to be copyrighted, so that these also are added to the files.

In the old quarters at the Capitol the music was simply stacked in heaps and buried under the dust of decades, but now it is being carefully catalogued and made available for the use of the public. Anybody will be at liberty to copy any composition he wants. The collection grows at the rate of 1000 pieces of sheet music a month, through the division of copyrights.

Among books of musical compositions are volumes of English madrigals, Scotch, Irish and Welsh ballads, and folk-songs of Scandinavia, running back to the early part of the fifteenth century. Of really ancient music very little has been preserved. The oldest book of music in existence is Chinese, and dates back to the eleventh century before Christ. The Hindoo music-books in the library are very complicated, the "scale" used by musicians of that race having no fewer than twenty-four tones. For each natural note there is a sharp and a very sharp, a flat and a very flat. The collection is divided up into classes, such as negro melodies, lullabies, comic songs, sacred music, ballad music, and chamber music. Orchestral music is kept by itself, and likewise band music. Mechanical music comprises all sorts of compositions prepared for orchestrions, automatic pianos, piano organs, organettes, and music-boxes. An exhibit is being prepared which will consist of a series of musical scores, arranged to show the great development of music from the earliest to the present time.

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In a bright corner of the new building has been established a section for blind people. There is already on hand quite a large collection of the sort of books they know how to read, in "point print" and with raised letters, so that they may be perused with the finger-tips. Most of them are big folios, the bindings, and even the paper, being very light, so they may be lifted easily.

The available literature of this special kind has an extensive scope, comprising not only fiction and ordinary literature, but also works on natural history, astronomy, and mathematics, and editions of the classics in Latin and Greek. The intention is to procure every obtainable work printed for the blind, and a special catalogue of them will be made for the purpose of rendering the volumes available for the unfortunates who spend their days in darkness. Certain hours in every week are set apart for readings to the blind, and charitable ladies in Washington volunteer their services as readers, even going to the homes of the blind people, fetching them to the library, and taking them back again. It is a most charitable enterprise, and highly beneficial in more ways than one to the blind, inasmuch as an opportunity is afforded them to associate with seeing persons. Too commonly, by reason of their affliction, they regard themselves as set apart from the rest of humanity, and are shy on that account.

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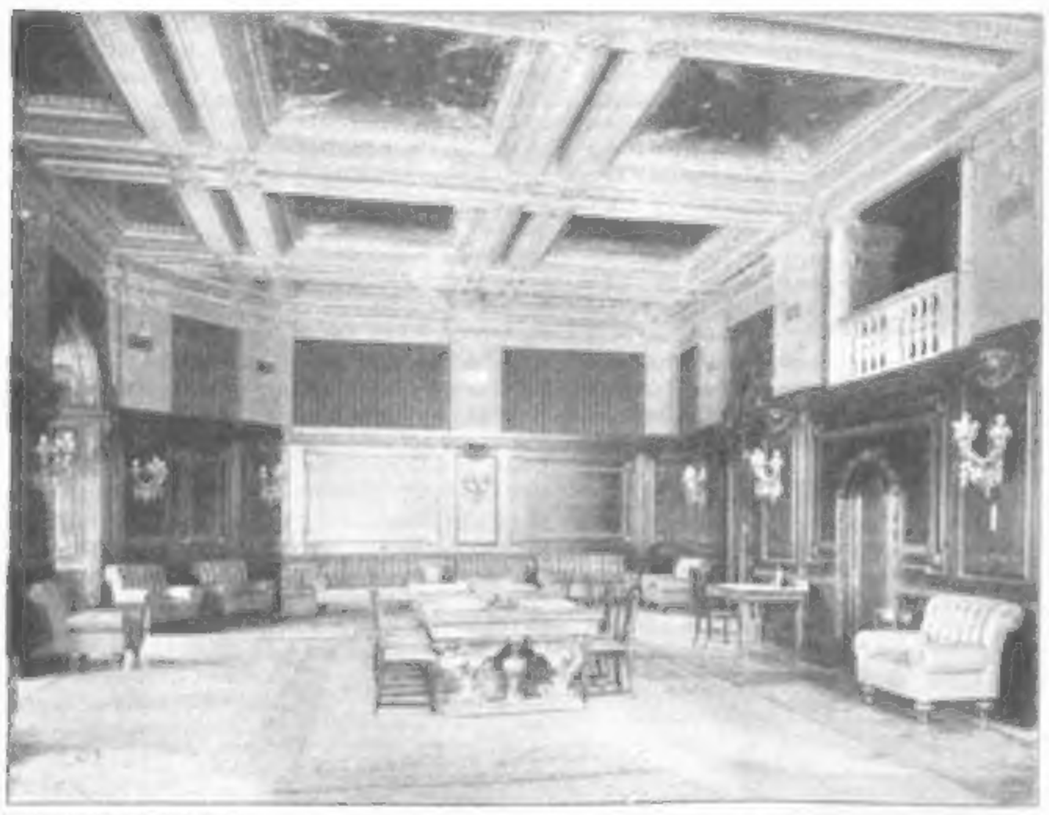
CORRIDOR EAST OF ENTRANCE HALL



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SPECIAL READING-ROOM FOR SENATORS

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Many of the books in the Library of Congress were written by crazy people. They are as carefully catalogued as the wisest works. Mr. Spofford says that it is not a function of a great library to discriminate respecting the merits of literary productions, but to take the folly together with the wisdom. Most works of this description are printed in pamphlet form, and a great majority of them are on religious topics. More people go mad on religion than about any other one thing.

Mr. Spofford's opinion, above quoted, applies also to the immoral books, which are found in every big library. It is customary to segregate such works, and to put them away in a corner by themselves. Unfortunately, many books of this description are classical, and to destroy them would be regarded by all bibliophiles as an atrocious act of vandalism. In the assemblage of literary wickedness in the Library of Congress there is one very immoral work, which it has not been thought worth while to hide, for it is printed in Chinese.

It is a famous Oriental classic, and the title is Kin Ping Mei. It gives a satirical picture of the dissolute manners of the age in which it was written, somewhat after the style of Juvenal, but the remarkable thing about it is that it is a *double-entendre* throughout. As perused with the eye, it is perfectly proper and unobjectionable in its subject matter, but, read aloud, its entire meaning appears altered, and it is a string of abominations all the way through. Such a thing would only be possible with a language like Chinese, in which every word is represented by a distinct sign, though the whole speech is made up of only 400 sounds.

Just now more people come to the library to look up genealogies than for any other one purpose. Mr. Spofford says that interest in family histories is rapidly increasing in this country, and this is only partly accounted for by the activity of patriotic societies of both sexes. English county histories are especially in demand. One woman in Washington earns her living by looking up genealogies. Many persons search in the library for coats-of-arms. An English family will often have half a dozen different coats-of-arms in about as many countries. Nevertheless, people here who happen to have the same name do not hesitate to pick out the crest that suits them best and put it on their note-paper. Sometimes they place armorial bearings on their carriages.

Many people come to the Library of Congress to copy things from old newspapers—all sorts of things, not infrequently births and deaths. It is noticed, by the way, that colored people are beginning to write books, especially in the South. Poetry makes a large part of their published works. A volume produced by an Afro-American nearly always has a portrait of the author as a frontispiece to the work.

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In a previous article the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris was referred to as the biggest library in existence, containing 2,225,000 books, of which 1,800,000 are bound. The oldest of great modern libraries, it has had the aid of several Kings and other powerful personages since its formation. The beginning of it was the collection of King John, the Black Prince's captive, who gave it to his successor, Charles V.

The next largest library in the world is that of the British Museum. In cosmopolitan interest the latter is without a rival, possessing the best Hungarian collection out of that country, the best Dutch library out of Holland, and, in short, the best library in any European language outside of the territory in which the language is vernacular.

The Vatican Library at Rome was begun in the fifteenth century by Pope Nicholas V. However, it was based on collections far more ancient, dating back to the fifth century probably. The present building was erected by Sixtus V, in 1588. It contains 220,000 printed volumes and 26,000 manuscripts. It is opened to the public only between November and June, and is always closed on Sundays and feast days. There is no proper catalogue, and the librarians have to rely on imperfect written lists.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE POST BY HOWARD GREY DOUGLAS

MOSAIC PANEL—"LAW," OVER FIREPLACE IN READING-ROOM FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

War Payments in Fractions of a Cent

The War Revenue la[w] the stamp collector [h]appy, as under it the country is now us[ing] amps that are unique in character and purpose [...] printed in blue, [...] variety of small articles [...] sold in drug store[s] are as low in de[nomination] [...] two-cent postage stamp and both proprietary and documentary bear pl[easing] pictures [...] battle ship of [...] latter an old m[an-of-war] [...]

The demand for the new stamps, whose use became obligatory on July 1, was so large [...] Government [...] and Printing was compelled to increase [its] force, and keep presses running day and night.

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American Trade With Asia

The New York Chamber of Commerce which has viewed the recent encroachments of the European powers on the territory of China as a menace to the [...] and growing trade of the United States with that country, now regards the possible American occupation of the Philippines as a likely means of [...] Sharing this view of improvement most of the [...] in New York which carry [...] manufactures of [...] American Asiatic [...]

The purpose is to foster and safeguard the [...] interests of [...] in the Empires of China, Japan and Korea, the Philippines [...] where in Asia or Oceanica [...] of our Asiatic trade [...] calendar year 1897 our imports of merchandise [...] and our exports $30,661,159; and our trade with Oceanica showed imports [...] and exports $21,341,8[...] of $119,884,603 and in exports of $[...]

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To Avert Future Pension Frauds

A bill [...] National Representatives which possesses more than ordinary interest because its purpose is to do away with possible pension frauds in connection with survivors of [...] authorities at Washington [...] information [...] on the Army and Navy that would be service[able] [...] of future [...]

The bill [...] proposes to abolish [...] altogether for this war, and to substitute therefor life and accident policies to be paid for by the Federal Government and issued to each [...] and sailor [...] Government [...] representative [...] novelty, and will doubtless excite long discussion, but the plan could hardly yield results [...] fraud than our present pension system.

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Santiago Twenty-Five Years Ago

[...] was [...] Presidency of Emilio Castelar, and Cuba was [...] mobile of her [...] steamer Virginius left New York [...] American flag, bound for Cuba [...] the high seas [...] captured by the Spanish man [...] under the charge [...] about to land men and arms for the insurrec[tion] [...], and was taken to Santiago [...] four days afterward four alleged leaders of the expedition were tried, convicted [...] On the 7th, Captain Joseph Fry [...] of the Virginius and thirty-s[even] [...] more men suffered a like fat[e] [...] Honored by the Captain General [...] news of the capture and executions produced wild rejoicings in Havana and intense [...] in the United States [...]

[...] ordered a strong naval force into immediate commission; other preparations for war were inaugurated, and diplomatic relations with Spain were on the point of dissolution, when Spain agreed to surrender the Virginius and the remainder of her crew, and thus averted a threatened war.

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Safety of American Commercial Ships

When war between the United States and Spain became a settled fact, marine underwriters raised the war risk rate on American sailing vessels bound to and from the East Indies to 12½ per cent. For several weeks the much vaunted fleets of Spain, the owners and underwriters of ships trading at ports of the United States in a state of alarm lest their property be seized.

Beyond playing hide and seek along the Spanish coast and getting locked up in Santiago's upper bay, the fleets have done nothing. No American port has been approached for attack, and not a single American commercial or other vessel has been captured by a Spanish warship. These circumstances have dispelled the alarm, and the early war-rates have drooped steadily to the nominal figure of one per cent.

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Crypton, the New Air Element

The layman in the mind can hardly be expected to share the enthusiasm of the expert on the recent discovery of a new element in the atmosphere by Professor William Ramsay, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Knowing ones, however, have become greatly interested in the discovery and pronounce it of great importance. The new element which Professor Ramsay has named crypton, from the Greek for "hidden," has been diligently sought by chemists for two years in the gases obtained from various mineral springs, and other sources.

Its discovery was made in a quantity of liquefied air, evaporated and collected in a tube. The residue was a gas, from which the oxygen and nitrogen were extracted, and in what was left was found the spectrum of argon, the transparent gas discovered [...] years ago and named from the Greek for "lazy" because of its inactivity. In conjunction with this spectrum was a second one, showing two brilliant lines, one yellow and the other green. The second spectrum disclosed the new element. Crypton is pronounced of no practical value to chemists, but is one of a new order of gases highly important in celestial chemistry.

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Plans for Educating Jewish Students

The organization of the Orthodox Jewish Congregational Union of America is in some respects the most important movement undertaken by the Jewish citizens of the United States. The Union is an outgrowth of a conference of leading members of the faith in the United States and Canada, and has for its initial object the promotion of the interests of Judaism in America by means that can be accomplished best by organized cooperation.

The feature that will appeal most directly to the sympathy of the citizens of other faiths is a scheme for securing a thorough Jewish education for all Jewish children. The Jews have erected many of the noblest hospitals, asylums, and homes in the United States, and are noted for the care they take of the poor, the afflicted, and the orphans of their faith. In large, high-grade educational movements they have not been as conspicuous as Protestants and Roman Catholics. Whatever they have done in philanthropy they have done exceedingly well, and this fact will vest their new purpose with large public interest.

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Mid-Year Business Prospects

In the United States, July 1 marked the beginning of the fiscal year 1898-9, when all regular Congressional appropriations became available. Federal, State and Municipal Governments distributed over $150,000,000 in interest checks, and railroads and numerous other large corporations paid out nearly as much more in interest and dividends. Indications that the popular Government loan of $200,000,000 would be more than subscribed in bids of from $20 to $500 showed the people's confidence in the Government and their easy financial condition.

Profitable railway rates have been re-established in the West and in general the railroad business showed large [...] ment. The iron and steel trade has [had] a powerful impetus from uncommonly strong financial interests, besides which former booms are entirely overshadowed. Stocks of the best class maintain strong rates here and in Europe, despite the war. We are shipping much more grain than a year ago, and for the first time [...] Western [...] restricted securities in the East.

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The Use of the Bible In Court

Fear of the dissemination of certain diseases by living [...] has led to a widespread agitation [...] the courts of law for an abolition of the requirement of kissing the Bible in the administration of an oath. The Legislature of Maryland has just prescribed a new form of judicial oath which dispenses with the use of the Bible wholly. The party making the oath now uses the familiar promise and declaration only, these being considered sufficiently binding. Elsewhere the kissing of the Book has been abolished, right hand lying on the closed or open Bible while the promise and declaration are being recited suffering. It is not likely that the abolition of the Bible as a part of American oath-taking will ever become [...] but it is certainly desirable that the kissing of a book that has become offensive from [...] usage should be omitted.

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The Advance of American Manufactures

The fiscal year which closed on June 30 was the most important one in the history of American manufacturing. For the first time the exports of articles manufactured in the United States exceeded in value the imports of manufactures. These exports also exceeded in value those of any previous year. In the three preceding years the imports of manufactures exceeded exports by sums ranging from over $47,000,000 to over $121,000,000. This large balance against the United States has been overcome in a year, and we have also gained a balance in our favor of about $600,000.

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Unique Features of Modern Warfare

Attention has been called to a number of features in the organization of our naval squadrons that are unique because now first employed. As the United States first gave to the world the effective ironclad monitor, so now it has been the first nation to provide thoroughly equipped hospital ships, refrigerator ships, water-condensing ships, and great floating machine shops. The peculiar necessities of the war have made it indispensable to provide the Army also with equipments equally novel, and among them probably the most important is the railroad hospital train. This train of ten sleeping and two dining Pullman cars has its headquarters at Tampa, Florida. It is equipped with medicines and surgical appliances, and has a full staff of regular Army surgeons. As emergencies require, it will make trips to Atlanta, Georgia, Fort Thomas, Kentucky, and Chickamauga Park, bearing its sick and wounded to general and branch hospitals, thus systematically cooperating with the hospital ships, Solace and Relief.

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Hawaii's Determination to be Annexed

Ever since Queen Liliuokalani was dethroned there has been a powerful party in Hawaii that has favored a union with the United States at almost any price. The desire of annexation was strengthened by the declaration of Captain Mahan that the possession of the islands was a military [necessity].

The treaty for annexation, which was never disposed of by the United States Senate, was unanimously ratified by the Hawaiian Congress last September.

Since the declaration of war with Spain the Government and people of Hawaii have done all in their power to show sympathy with the United States. Because a declaration of neutrality by Hawaii would greatly restrict this sympathy, it has not yet been made, and we have had as full liberty in Honolulu as if it were actually an American port. Pending final action on the annexation resolutions in the United States Congress, Hawaii, through her President, has offered her entire possessions as a free gift [to this country]. Her harbors, her coal, her [...] and her soldiers are placed at our service, and as our military expeditions to Manila stop at her shores no courtesies seem too extreme for our soldiers and sailors.

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War Opening Missionary Fields

One of the most significant movements in the United States since Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay is that of our great Missionary Boards to send to the Philippine Islands a strong evangelizing and educating force of men and women. The American Baptist Missionary Union has a mission in the Lin Chiu Islands, just north of the Philippines, but the latter form the largest and most inviting field. This movement is, further, a noteworthy one, because it furnishes a long desired motive for a union of the various denominational Boards.

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American Coaling Stations in the Pacific

The seizure of the Caroline and the Marianne, or Ladrone Islands by our military expeditions to the Philippines would afford the United States naval depots of great importance in its new National relations. We now have unrestricted access to Hawaiian ports, 2000 miles southwest of San Francisco. The Marianne Islands are about 5000 miles nearly due west of Honolulu, about 1500 miles due east of the Philippines, and [...] 4000 miles north of the Carolines. Thus between San Francisco and Manila there would be the Hawaiian and the Marianne Islands, nearly in a straight line, with the Carolines a little to the south.

For coaling stations these points would be invaluable to our Navy, for they would give bridges we must possess for our future political and commercial interests.

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United States Feeding the World

The Post has shown that in the fiscal year ended June 30 the exports of articles manufactured in the United States not only exceeded in value those of the preceding year, but that for the first time in the history of the country they exceeded the imports of manufactures. Precisely the same may be said, also, concerning our agricultural industry. In 1862, when the country in many respects reached the high-water mark of prosperity, the exports of agricultural products aggregated in value over $799,000,000. In the fiscal year just ended the [exports] passed the $800,000,000 mark, and [incomplete] reports indicated that they would reach $845,000,000.

Never before did the exports reach $800,000,000, and only twice did they amount to $700,000,000. In a single year the exports of these products increased about $150,000,000 in value, the increase in breadstuffs alone being more than $100,000,000. The exports of wheat more than doubled in value in comparison with the exports for the previous year, and the increase in flour and corn was nearly fifty per cent. each.

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England Reinstates the Jameson Raiders

The British Government has taken what is probably the last official action in the matter of the Transvaal raid in reinstating in the Army all but two of the implicated British officers. The raid was made on December 30, 1895, by an armed force of the British South Africa Company, numbering from 600 to 800 men, under command of Dr. Leander S. Jameson, the administrator of the company in Mashonaland. Under the pretext of arming the Uitlanders, or the foreign residents of the Transvaal Republic, in enforcing their demands for equal political rights with the Boers, or original Dutch colonists, this armed force made a sudden invasion of the territory of the Republic.

President Kruger, of the Transvaal mustered a force of nearly 1500 burghers, fought the invaders at Krugersdorf, killed and wounded about fifty, and made prisoners of Doctor Jameson and the remainder. The affair created considerable excitement in Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. Four principal leaders were sentenced to death, and others to long imprisonment; all were subsequently re[leased] on payment of a heavy fine as an [apology] for the insult to the people and government of Great Britain.

The Meaning of Manhood

By HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Five

"How much then is a man better than a sheep?"—Matthew xii: 12.

IN THE lips of Christ these noble words were an exclamation. He knew, as no one else has ever known, "what was in man." But to us who repeat them they often seem like a question. We are so ignorant of the deepest meaning of manhood that we find ourselves at the point to ask in perplexity, How much, after all, is a man better than a sheep?

It is evident that the answer to this question must depend upon our general view of life. There are two very common ways of looking at existence that settle our judgement of the comparative value of a man and a sheep at once and inevitably.

Suppose, in the first place, that we take a materialistic view of life. Looking at the world from this standpoint, we shall see in it a great mass of matter, curiously regulated by laws which have results but no purposes and agitated into various modes of motion by a secret force whose origin is, and forever must be, unknown. Life, in man as in other animals, is but one form of this force. Rising through many subtle gradations, from the first tremor that passes through the gastric nerve of a jellyfish to the most delicate vibration of gray matter in the brain of a Plato or a Shakespeare, it is really the same from the beginning to the end—physical in its birth among the kindred forces of heat and electricity, physical in its death in cold ashes and dust. The only difference between man and the other animals is one of degree. Not much difference, after all.

If, then, we accept this view of life, what answer can we give to the question, How much is a man better than a sheep? We must say: He is a little better, but not much. In some things he has the advantage. He lives longer, and has more powers of action and capacities of pleasure. He is more clever, and has succeeded in making the sheep subject to his domination. But the balance is not all on one side. The sheep has fewer pains as well as fewer pleasures, less care as well as less power. If it does not know how to make a coat, at least it succeeds in growing its own natural wool clothing, and that without taxation. Above all, the sheep is not troubled with any of those vain dreams of moral responsibility and future life which are the cause of such great and needless trouble to humanity. The flocks that fed in the pastures of Bethlehem got just as much physical happiness out of existence as the shepherd David who watched them, and, being natural agnostics, they were free from David's delusions in regard to religion. They could give all their attention to eating, drinking, and sleeping, which is the chief end of life. From the materialistic standpoint, a man may be a little better than a sheep, but not very much better.

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Or suppose, in the second place, that we take the commercial view of life. We shall then say that all things must be measured by their money value, and that it is neither profitable nor necessary to inquire into their real nature or their essential worth. Men and sheep are worth what they will bring in the open market, and this depends upon the supply and demand. Sheep of a very rare breed have been sold for as much as five hundred dollars. But men of common stock, in places where men are plenty and cheap (as, for example, in Central Africa) may be purchased for the price of a trusty musket or a piece of cotton cloth. According to this principle, we must admit that the comparative value of a man and a sheep fluctuates with the market, and that there are times when the dumb animal is much the more valuable of the two.

"How much is that man worth?" asks the curious inquirer. "That man" all depends. The wealthy business director is worth a million dollars, and the man sitting next to him is not worth a penny." What other answer can be given by one who judges everything by a money standard? If wealth is really the measure of value, if the end of life is the production or the acquisition of riches, then humanity must take its place in the sliding scale of commodities. Its value is not fixed and certain. It depends upon accidents of trade. We must learn to look upon ourselves and our fellow-men purely from a business point of view, and to ask only: What can this man make? how much has that man made? how much can I get out of this man's labor? how much will that man pay for my services? Those little children that play in the squalid city streets—they are nothing to me or to the world; there are too many of them; they are worthless. Those long fleeced, high bred sheep that feed upon my pastures—they are among my most costly possessions; they will bring an enormous price; they are immensely valuable. How much is a man better than a sheep? What a foolish question! Sometimes the man is better; sometimes the sheep is better. It all depends upon the supply and demand.

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Now these two views of life, the materialistic and the commercial, always have prevailed in the world. Men have held them consciously and unconsciously. At this very day there are some who profess them, and there are many who act upon them, although they may not be willing to acknowledge them. They have been the parents of countless errors in philosophy and sociology; they have bred innumerable and loathsome vices and shames and cruelties and oppressions in the human race. It was to shatter and destroy these falsehoods, to sweep them away from the mind and heart of humanity, that Jesus Christ came into the world. We cannot receive His gospel in any sense, we cannot begin to understand its scope and purpose, unless we fully, freely, and sincerely accept His great revelation of the true meaning and value of a man as a man.

Suppose, then, that we come to Him with this question, How much is a man better than a sheep? He will tell us that a man is infinitely better, because he is the child of God, because he is capable of fellowship with God, and because he is made for an immortal life. And this threefold answer will shine out for us not only in the words but also in the deeds, and above all in the death, of the Son of God and the Son of man.

1 Think, first of all, of the meaning of manhood in the light of the truth that man is the offspring and likeness of God. This was a new doctrine first proclaimed by Christ. It was clearly taught in the magnificent imagery of the Book of Genesis. The chief design of that great picture of the beginnings is to show that a personal Creator is the source and author of all things that are made. But next to that, and of equal importance, is the design to show that man is immeasurably superior to all the other works of God, the distance between Him and the animals is not a difference in degree, but a difference in kind. Yes, the difference is so great that we must use a new word to describe the origin of humanity, and if we speak of the stars, and the earth, the trees and the flowers, the fish, the birds, and the beasts, as "the works" of God, when man appears we must find a nobler name and say, "This is more than God's work; he is God's child." Of this we feel certain.

Our human consciousness confirms this testimony and answers to it. We know that there is something in us which raises us infinitely above the things that we see and hear and touch, and the creatures that appear to spend their brief life in the automatic workings of sense and instinct. These powers of reason and affection and conscience, and, above all, this wonderful power of free will, the faculty of swift, sovereign voluntary choice, belong to a higher being. We say not to corruption, "Thou art my father," nor to the worm, "Thou art my mother"; but to God, "Thou art my Father," and to the great Spirit, "In Thee was my life born."

Now the beauty and strength of Christ's doctrine of man lie, not in the fact that He was at pains to explain and defend and justify this view of human nature, but in the fact that He assumed it with an unshaken conviction of its truth, and acted upon it.

HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D.
PASTOR OF THE BRICK CHURCH,
NEW YORK CITY.

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He spoke to man, not as the product of Nature, but as the child of God. He took it for granted that we are different from plants and animals, and that we are conscious of the difference. "Consider the lilies," He says to us; "the lilies cannot consider themselves; they know not what they are, nor what their life means; but you know, and you can draw the lesson of their lower beauty into your higher life. Regard the birds of the air; they are dumb and unconscious dependents upon the Divine bounty, but you are conscious objects of the Divine care. Are you not of more value than many sparrows?" Through all His words we feel the thrilling power of this high doctrine of humanity. He is always appealing to reason, to conscience, to the power of choice between good and evil, to the noble and godlike faculties in man.

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And now think for a moment of the fact that His life was voluntarily, and of set purpose, spent among the poorest and humblest of mankind. Remember that He spoke, not to philosophers and scholars, but to peasants and fishermen and the little children of the world. What did He mean by that? Surely it was to teach us that this doctrine of the meaning of manhood applies to man as man. It is not based upon considerations of wealth or learning or culture or eloquence. Those are the things of which the world takes account, and without which it refuses to pay any attention to us. A mere man, in the eyes of the world, is a nobody. But Christ comes to humanity in its poverty, in its ignorance, stripped of all outward signs of power, destitute of all save that which belongs in common to mankind, to this lowly child, this very beggar maid of human nature, comes the King, and speaks to her as a Princess in disguise, and lifts her up and sets a crown upon her head. I ask you if this simple fact ought not to teach us how much a man is better than a sheep.

2 But Christ reveals to us another and a higher element of the meaning of manhood by speaking to us as beings who are capable of holding communion with God and reflecting the Divine holiness in our hearts and lives. And here also His doctrine gains clearness and force when we bring it into close connection with His conduct. I suppose that there are few of us who would not be ready to admit at once that there are some men and women who have high spiritual capacities. For them, we say, religion is a possible thing. They can attain to the knowledge of God and fellowship with Him. They can pray, and sing praises, and do holy work. It is easy for them to be good. They are born good. They are saints by nature. But for the great mass of the human race this is out of the question, absurd, impossible. They must continue to dwell in ignorance, in wickedness, and in impiety.

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But to all this Christ says, "No!" No, to our theory of perfection for the few. No, to our theory of hopeless degradation for the many. He takes His way straight to the outcasts of the world, the publicans and the harlots and sinners, and to them He speaks of the mercy and the love of God and the beauty of the Heavenly life; not to cast them into black despair, not because it was impossible for them to be good and to find God, but because it was Divinely possible. God was waiting for them, and something in them was waiting for God. They were lost. But surely they never could have been lost unless they had first belonged to God, and this made it possible for them to be found again.

That is the doctrine of Christ in regard to fallen and disordered and guilty human nature. It is fallen, it is disordered, it is guilty; but the capacity of reconciliation and holiness, of love to God, still dwells in it, and may be quickened into a new life. That is God's work. But God Himself could not do it if man were not capable of it.

3 There is yet one more element in Christ's teaching in regard to the meaning of manhood, and that is His doctrine of immortality. This truth springs inevitably out of his teaching in regard to the origin and sanctity of human nature. A being formed in the Divine image, a being capable of reflecting the Divine holiness, is a being so lofty that he must have also the capacity of entering into a life which is spiritual and eternal, and which leads onward to perfection. All that Christ teaches about man, all that Christ offers to do for man, opens before him a vast and boundless future.

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The perils that beset us here through sin are not brief and momentary dangers, possibilities of disgrace in the eyes of men, or suffering such limited pain as our bodies can endure in the disintegrating process of disease, of dying a temporal death, which at the worst can only cause us a few hours of anguish. A man might bear these things, and take the risk of this world's shame and sickness and death, for the sake of some darling sin. But the truth that flashes on us like lightning from the word of Christ is that the consequence of sin is the peril of losing our immortality.

On the other hand, the opportunities that come to us here through the grace of God are not merely opportunities of temporal peace and happiness. They are chances of securing endless and immeasurable felicity, wealth that can never be counted or lost, peace that the world can neither give nor take away. We must understand that now the kingdom of God has come near unto us. It is a time when the doors of Heaven are open. We may gain an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. We may lay hold not only on a present joy of holiness, but on an everlasting life with God.

It is thus that Christ looks upon the children of men: not as herds of dumb driven cattle, but as living souls moving onward to eternity. It is thus that He dies for men, to deliver them from brief sorrows, but to deliver them from final loss, and to bring them into bliss that knows no end.

There never was a time in which Christ's doctrine of the meaning of manhood was more needed than it is to-day. There is no truth more important and necessary for us to take into our hearts, and hold fast, and carry out in our lives. For here we stand in an

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the Post Series are the greatest work of the best religious thinkers of the world. This series is taken from The Culture of Christ as Manhood. A series of sermons preached on Sunday mornings at Battell Chapel, Yale University. Published by The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. The list to date:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9

age when the very throng and pressure and superfluity of human life lead us to set a low estimate upon its value. The air we breathe is heavy with materialism and commercialism. The lowest and most debasing views of human nature are freely proclaimed and unconsciously accepted. There is no escape, no safety for us, save in coming back to Christ and learning from Him that man is the child of God, made in the Divine image, capable of the Divine fellowship, and destined to an immortal life. I want to tell you just three of the practical reasons why we must learn this.

1. We need to learn it in order to understand the real meaning, and guilt, and danger, and hatefulness of sin.

Men are telling us nowadays that there is no such thing as sin. It is a dream, a delusion. It must be left out of account. All the evils in the world are natural and inevitable. They are simply the secretions of human nature. There is no more shame or guilt connected with them than with the malaria of the swamp or the poison of the nightshade.

But Christ tells us that sin is real, and that it is the enemy, the curse, the destroyer of mankind. It is not a part of man as God made him; it is a part of man as he has unmade and degraded himself. It is the marring of the Divine image, the ruin of the glorious temple, the self-mutilation and suicide of the immortal soul. It is sin that casts man down into the mire. It is sin that drags him from the fellowship of God into the company of beasts. Therefore we must hate sin, and fear it, always and everywhere.

When we look into our own heart and find sin there, we must humble ourselves before God and repent in sackcloth and ashes. Every sin that whispers in our hearts is an echo of the world's despair and misery. Every selfish desire that lies in our soul is a seed of that which has brought forth strife, and cruelty, and murder, and horrible torture, and bloody war among the children of men. Every lustful thought that defiles our imagination is an image of that which has begotten loathsome vices and crawling shames throughout the world. My brethermen, God hates sin because it ruins man. And when we know what that means, when we feel that same poison of evil within us, we must hate sin as He does, and bow in penitence before him, crying, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

2. We need to learn Christ's doctrine of the meaning of manhood in order to help us to love our fellow-men.

This is a thing that is easy to profess, but hard, bitterly hard, to do. The faults and follies of human nature are apparent. The unlovely and contemptible and offensive qualities of many people thrust themselves sharply upon our notice and repel us. We are tempted to shrink back, wounded and disappointed, and to relapse into a life that is governed by disgusts. If we dwell in the atmosphere of a Christless world, if we read only those newspapers which chronicle the crimes and meannesses of men, or those realistic novels which deal with the secret vices and corruptions of humanity, and fill our souls with the unspoken conviction that virtue is an old-fashioned dream, and that there is no man good, no woman pure, I do not see how we can help despising and hating mankind. Who shall deliver us from this spirit of bitterness? Who shall take us by the hand and lead us out of this heavy, fetid air of the lazar-house and the morgue?

None but Christ. If we will go with Him, He will teach us not to hate our fellow-men for what they are, but to love them for what they may become. He will teach us to look, not for the evil which is manifest, but for the good which is hidden. He will teach us not to despair, but to hope, even for the most degraded of mankind. And so, perchance, as we keep company with Him, we shall learn the secret of that Divine charity which fills the heart with peace and joy and quiet strength. We shall learn to do good unto all men as we have opportunity, not for the sake of gratitude or reward, but because they are the children of our Father and the brethren of our Saviour. We shall learn the meaning of that blessed death on Calvary, and be willing to give ourselves as a sacrifice for others, knowing that he that turneth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and cover a multitude of sins.

3. Finally, we need to accept and believe Christ's doctrine of the meaning of manhood in order that it may lead us personally to God and a higher life.

You are infinitely better and more precious than the dumb beasts. You know it, you feel it; you are conscious that you belong to another world. And yet it may be that there are times when you forget it and live as if there were no God, no soul, no future life. Your ambitions are fixed upon the wealth that corrodes, the fame that fades. Your desires are toward the pleasures that pall upon the senses. You are bartering immortal treasure for the things which perish in the using. You are ignoring and despising the high meaning of your manhood. Who shall remind you of it, who shall bring you back to yourself, who shall lift you up to the level of your true being, unless it be the Teacher who spake as never man spake, the Master who brought life and immortality to light?

XVI

LASCA

By FRANK DESPREZ

WITH A DRAWING BY F. X. LEYENDECKER

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,
The crack of the whips like shots in a battle,
The melley of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars, and wrangles, and scatters, and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger, and life and love—
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur;
I laughed with joy as I looked at her!
Little knew she of books or of creeds;
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs;
Little she cared, save to be by my side,
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Lavaca's tide.
She was as bold as the billows that beat,
She was as wild as the breezes that blow;
From her little head to her little feet
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sappling pine,
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to the right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swiftly bound
Her torn rebosa about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown;
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown,
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
Showed that there ran in each blue vein,
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of Old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling, to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot;
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close oppprest,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its breath take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox-hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared.
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left, and you have but one;
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcase, and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic course
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your stars; if not, good-by
To the quickening kiss and the long-drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande!

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my old six-shooter behind in my belt,
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast.
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep,
And there in Earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows,
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the things that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

"AND WHEN I COULD RISE—LASCA WAS DEAD!"

HOW WARS ARE MANAGED

THE WORKINGS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY DEPARTMENTS

By A DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL

THE War and Navy Departments at Washington have a fighting atmosphere these days. Housed together in the great building at the corner of Seventeenth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, they wear an aspect very different from that of peace times. Keen-eyed watchmen guard every door of entrance, and to them every stranger is a possible Spanish spy. The hours for public admission are restricted, and anybody who wants to get in after 2 P. M. must show a pass. Such passes are issued only to accredited newspaper men, and to a few privileged individuals. For every one unrecognized, the word is "Halt, and give the counter sign!" Inside the building there is an air of utmost industry. No hurry is observable, but everybody is intensely busy. Nearly every one of the white-painted lattice doors that open on the corridors bears a sign in large letters which reads, "No admittance." Even the newspaper men must send in their cards with requests for interviews. In the War Department this privilege is allowed them, but on the Navy side a special order forbids officers and employees to grant any communication whatsoever to the press. Under a new regulation, issued by the President, every officer in Washington is obliged to wear his uniform at all times in public, and this gives a decided martial appearance to the granite kennel of the war-dogs during office hours.

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Naturally, the war work of these two Departments centres in the offices of their chiefs. The war secretaries, Long and Alger, are besieged from morning to night by visitors, and from their point of view the business routine is made particularly arduous by the fact that nearly every caller has something to solicit. Most of the people who come to see Mr. Long seek commissions in the volunteer Navy. Such commissions cannot be obtained save by passing rigid examinations, but influence is required to secure orders for examination. Men who are anxious to be appointed to vacancies in the pay corps, or as civil engineers, come with Congressmen or other influential friends to urge their claims.

Of course, the Navy Department nowadays makes ever so many contracts, involving the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars. All of these have to be indorsed by Secretary Long. During the afternoon of each day special business of various kinds is referred to him by his bureau chiefs. From 2 to 3 P. M. he signs the mail brought to him by the bureau chiefs, who explain to him the purport of each paper. If there is anything of particular importance, not readily understood at a glance, it is laid aside for more mature consideration. Much of the business thus considered consists in the approval of vouchers for expenditures. Vouchers having to do with emergency appropriations by Congress—such as the $50,000,000 appropriated for war preparations—go to the President with Mr. Long's written approval.

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Part of each morning is devoted by Mr. Long to the dictation of letters, many of which relate to appointments and to the conduct of the war. Technical matters are referred to the various bureaus to which they happen to relate. For example, anything having to do with the building of ships is handed over to the Bureau of Construction; questions of machinery go to the Bureau of Engineering, and contracts for supplies to the Paymaster-General. All reports from ships go to the Secretary, and the orders to all war vessels and naval officers are sent out by him through the Bureau of Navigation. To him are referred all suggestions made by officers, as well as applications by them for duty. Nearly every officer in the Navy has written to the Department to ask for assignment to duty where there is likely to be fighting.

One hears a good deal nowadays of the Naval War Board, otherwise called the Strategy Board. It is composed at present of Captain Mahan, author of the Influence of Sea Power; Admiral Montgomery Sicard, who would be in Sampson's place if his health had not broken down; Captain Bartlett, and Captain Crowninshield. These distinguished officers act as advisers to Mr. Long, and the Secretary himself commonly attends their meetings, which are held at frequent but irregular intervals in the library of the Navy Department. Of course, their doings are kept absolutely secret. They discuss the naval situation as it progresses from day to day, and offer suggestions to Mr. Long as to the conduct of the war, from the movements of battle-ships and cruisers down to comparatively small details. At the same time, it is the policy of the Administration to avoid hampering the commanders of our squadrons by orders; they are permitted to use their own judgment as far as possible.

Within the last few days a trench has been dug connecting the White House with the War and Navy Building, and in it telephone and telegraph wires have been laid. By this simple means President McKinley has been placed in close communication with Mr. Long and General Alger, so as to be able to converse with either of them at a moment's notice and as readily as if they were in the next room. It should be mentioned before going further that Secretary Long avails himself of the services of another advisory board, which is as important in its way as the Strategy Board. This is the Board of Construction, and its able members are Commodore Hichborn, Chief of the Bureau of Construction; Commodore Melville, Chief of the Bureau of Steam Engineering; Captain Bradford, Chief of the Bureau of Equipment; Captain O'Neill, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance; and Captain Bartlett, Chief Intelligence Officer.

It is the business of this board to discuss all matters that have to do with the building of ships. All projects and suggestions submitted to the Department, foolish or otherwise, are placed before it for judgment. The members meet once a week, or oftener if necessary. Just at present they are very busy with the plans and specifications for the new vessels which are to be constructed for the Navy. These include three first-class battle-ships, sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers, four coast-defense monitors, and twelve torpedo boats. Owing to the fault of Congress, which has skimped the money allowance on that item, the monitors will be very inferior to those now in service, but the other ships will all be of the finest quality in their respective classes.

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It will be observed that the membership of the Board of Construction is so made up as to include representatives of all the bureaus that have to do with the making of a warship. Hichborn builds the vessel, Melville puts the engines aboard of her, Bradford supplies ropes, anchors, tableware, and all sorts of other equipments, and O'Neill furnishes the guns. Each of these bureau chiefs has his own ideas as to what is required for the ship from his department, and ever so many differences of opinion have to be adjusted before the construction of the fighting craft can be begun. For example, Commodore Melville wishes to contribute engines and boilers of as powerful a pattern as possible, but their weight, perhaps, would be too great. Captain O'Neill wants as big an allowance as he can get for guns and ammunition; but a ship of war has only a certain amount of buoyancy, and large cannon and projectiles are enormously heavy. Compromises have to be decided on, and finally the board submits its report to Mr. Long for final action.

The Board of Construction must not be confused with the Bureau of Construction. The latter, as already explained, builds the ships; also, it fits them with armor plates along the sides, and supplies them with furniture. Recently the Navy Department has been buying under contract large quantities of furniture, required for the numerous vessels which have been purchased. Ordinarily, however, most of the furniture for Uncle Sam's warships is made at the Washington Navy Yard, including chairs, tables, bookcases, sideboards, etc. Special patterns are used, and many of the articles are of the combination sort, serving for more than one purpose.

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The Bureau of Equipment furnishes pretty nearly everything in the way of supplies for the ships, excepting only furniture, clothing, and food stores. To fit out a big war-vessel nowadays is an enormous job. She is a floating fortress, as long as two city blocks, with all modern conveniences and complete restaurant facilities, lighted throughout by electricity—a gigantic fighting machine and military barracks combined. Her steel walls, bristling with guns, shelter a small army of men. The cruiser New York, for example, has a crew numbering four hundred and fifty-five, besides forty marines and forty-four officers. To feed them all for a twelvemonth, at the Government's rate of allowance, costs $60,000. On going into commission, such a ship must be furnished throughout, from the kitchen, which is as complete as that of a great city hostelry, to the Captain's cabin. She carries large stocks of stationery, hardware, and apothecaries' goods, and is provided with tools for all sorts of trades.

The Bureau of Equipment provides coal for all the ships, and the contracts for this article are calling for immense sums of money just now. The Navy Department expects to use at least 1,000,000 tons of coal during the first year of this war, if it lasts so long. Last year the consumption was only 138,318 tons, costing $656,000, but the requirements are different now, when every vessel in the service is at sea, and scores of auxiliary cruisers, transports and yachts are being utilized. A first-class battle-ship, like the Indiana or Oregon, traveling at the ordinary cruising rate of eleven knots an hour, consumes seventy-five tons of coal in twenty-four hours. Her bunkers will hold 1600 tons, so that she can keep up this speed for twenty-one days, covering 5544 knots, or 6398 statute miles.

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The Ordnance Bureau of the Navy is building guns as fast as it can, both rifled cannon and smaller rapid-fire and machine-guns. Unfortunately, a big twelve-inch or thirteen-inch rifle, such as is carried by our battle-ships, cannot be turned out off-hand; to make one takes about a year and a half. A lot of forgings—i. e., steel ingots for cannon—have been purchased recently, and are being converted into guns in the shops at the Washington Navy Yard. Old guns, too, are being made over. Efforts are being made to buy large quantities of smokeless powder, which has been proved much more efficient than the old-fashioned kind. During the bombardments of San Juan and Santiago the aim of the American gunners has been greatly interfered with by the clouds of smoke from their own cannon, which have made it impossible to see the enemy with distinctness. The cruiser New Orleans, on the other hand, which was bought in England and is provided with English guns and smokeless powder, has been free from this disadvantage, and has exhibited very superior marksmanship. For some time past the Ordnance Bureau has been experimenting in the manufacture of smokeless powder at Newport, Lieutenant Bernadou having charge of the work. A very satisfactory article in this line has been produced, but the Government is not prepared to make it on a large scale.

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Chief Intelligence Officer Bartlett, as already mentioned, is a member of the Board of Construction. In that body he acts in an advisory capacity, the Bureau of Intelligence having been engaged for many years in gathering from abroad every possible bit of information respecting the building of ships. Until now this bureau has limited its work to the collecting of information of all sorts about naval matters, communicated chiefly by our naval attachés at foreign capitals, who make reports to the bureau at intervals. But the outbreak of war has given Captain Bartlett more active duties to perform, and already he has established a signal service along the coast of the United States that is quite a wonder in its way. In this matter he has cooperated with Gen. A. W. Greely, Chief of the Signal Service of the War Department. The coast is divided up into districts, lighthouses and life-saving stations being employed as signal stations as far as possible. Elsewhere temporary signal towers have been erected. Each signal station is provided with semaphores and rockets for making signals, and is connected by wire with the telegraph system of the country, so that the appearance of a Spanish vessel or squadron at any place off the coast would be communicated immediately to Washington. At the same time, signals can be exchanged with any of our own warships or merchantmen off shore, in case a vessel has any news to convey.

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The Bureau of Steam Engineering in the Navy Department is mighty busy these days. In addition to furnishing engines and boilers wherever they are wanted, it has to attend to the repairing of all machinery on board the ships. On every war-vessel, of course, it is represented by engineer officers and machinists. At the beginning of the war the Navy did not have enough engineers even for peace times, and consequently a large number have received commissions as acting engineers, while expert machinists have been eagerly sought at high wages. In addition to all this the bureau is fitting up repair-ships, which will accompany the fleets. When a vessel gets out of order the repair-ship patches her up, being provided with everything necessary for such purposes, from a piece of lead pipe to an armor plate to cover a hole made by a projectile. Such a craft, which is in effect a floating machine-shop, is calculated to furnish most valuable aid to a damaged squadron after an engagement. When a battle at sea not wholly decisive has occurred, the fleet that can get ready quickest for another action will have a tremendous advantage.

The repair-ship is of 2500 to 3000 tons, with plenty of space between decks so as to afford room for the apparatus of a small factory. She must have large coal capacity, so as to be able to keep the sea for a long time, and she has a big plant for distilling water for the war-vessels. She is provided with heavy steam tools for executing every imaginable kind of work in metal, and her equipment includes massive cranes for hoisting weighty things of any kind aboard.

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In the hold of the repair-ship are carried duplicates of pretty nearly every sort of article that goes to make up a modern warship, and she is prepared to mend or to replace anything that may be wrong or missing above the water-line of a battle-ship or cruiser. During an engagement she avoids the thick of the fight, hanging on the skirts of it so as to be available in case her services are wanted.

One of the most difficult problems tackled by the Bureau of Engineering has been that of providing water for the fleets. A vessel like the Iowa uses thirty tons, or 7500 gallons, of this indispensable fluid every day—two-thirds of the quantity for the boilers, and the remainder for drinking, washing, cooking, etc. Each fighting craft, when starting from port, carries only enough fresh water to fill her boilers; for further supplies she depends upon her evaporators, distilling the sea-water. Every battle-ship and cruiser has evaporators, and the most important reason why special distilling ships are desirable is that they save the war-vessel the coal required to run the water-stills.

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The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts buys all clothing, food, and stores of every description for the ships, even to the tenpenny nails for the carpenters and the cotton waste for wiping machinery. It is easily imagined what a vast amount of work this department must have to attend to nowadays. The Government has been buying a great many ships recently, and whenever a fresh vessel goes into commission a book has to be made up by the Paymasters in this bureau, containing lists of all the articles of every kind with which she is to be furnished. These things are forwarded to the Navy Yard where the vessel lies. The Bureau of Supplies has nearly equipped for war purposes a ship called the Supply—a big freight steamer, which carries fresh provisions, meats, vegetables and fruits to the squadrons. This is entirely a new idea, and is original with Paymaster-General Stewart.

The Navy has spent over $1,000,000 on the new hospital ship Solace—a magnificent steamer of 4000 tons. She is provided with elevators, and is arranged for the accommodation of 700 patients, having every appointment found to-day in first-class

PHOTO BY DUPONT, NEW YORK

ADJUTANT-GENERAL H. C. CORBIN

hospitals. The space allotted to the injured is divided into an operative ward, a ward for the seriously wounded, quarters for injured officers, and a convalescent bay. The operating ward is located forward, and is big enough for treating twenty-five cases at one time. There is a large steam laundry, and machinery is provided for making any quantity of ice that may be required. This latter point is of great importance to the sick, of course. Indeed, ice is absolutely required by surgeons in operative work.

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One might expect to find that the executive system of the War Department was very similar to that of the Navy Department, but the fact is quite otherwise. Secretary Alger has a far more autocratic control than is possessed by Secretary Long. He has personal charge of expenditures to a much greater extent, and the chiefs of bureaus under him have comparatively little to say. General Alger is his own War Board, though he is accustomed constantly to call General Miles and Adjutant-General Corbin into consultation. No board of bureau chiefs corresponding to the Board of Construction in the Navy adjusts differences in the War Department. Indeed, the only real authority there is the Secretary himself.

The ante-room of Secretary Alger in these days is filled at all times with people who have favors to seek at his hands. Persons desirous of securing contracts for furnishing stores or other materials do not go to him, but to the Quartermaster-General and Commissary-General. Most of General Alger's visitors want appointments in the Army, and these go wholly by favor; the only necessary qualification is influence. Mr. Long can only refer applicants for places in the Navy to examining boards; they must have technical knowledge to get through. No rule of the kind governs in the War Department, and hence the large number of recent appointments of individuals with nothing to recommend them beyond wealth.

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In Secretary Alger's outer office sits the man who is the power behind the throne in the War Department at present. This is Adjutant-General Corbin, the busiest man in the Army. He issues all orders to officers, and in most cases prepares them, though they are supposed to emanate from Miles or Alger. The movements of troops are managed to a great extent by him. Corbin is the beau ideal of the military man—almost gigantic in stature, stern of aspect, and with the air of command that only comes from long possession of authority. An Indian fighter of long service, he is moving the machinery of this war with a method that will exhibit its results in a substantial manner later.

Since the war began the Ordnance Bureau of the Army has awarded enormous contracts for guns and projectiles. The appropriation of the historic $50,000,000 by Congress made it possible to purchase abroad many things that were urgently needed, and from manufacturers in this country large numbers of quick-fire guns, and great supplies of shell, shrapnel, and smokeless powder were obtained. Meanwhile the Government factories have not been idle, and their normal rate of production has been vastly increased. The Springfield arsenal in 1897 turned out 29,000 modern rifles and 3000 carbines, while the production of ball cartridges at Frankford in the same year was at the rate of 50,000 a day, without counting revolver cartridges.

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Machine-guns and ordnance projectiles have been obtained chiefly by contract. At the beginning of the present conflict the War Department had on hand about 20,000,000 cartridges of all kinds, and since then the stock has been greatly increased. The entire Army will soon be provided with modern Krag-Jörgensen rifles, to take the place of the out-of-date Springfields and Remingtons, and commercial firms shortly will be delivering 700,000 cartridges per day. The arsenals and contractors are turning out field cannon and siege guns at such a rate that there will be no lack of such weapons for operations in Cuba, in Porto Rico, or even in Spain, now that an invasion of the Iberian Peninsula has actually been decided upon.

Some of the things purchased by the Quartermaster's Department of the Army up to date are 8810 cavalry horses, 12,802 draft mules, 2109 pack mules, 500 small mules, 1500 small horses, 4090 wagons, 425 ambulances, 17,052 single harnesses, 1500 saddles and bridles, 1479 pack saddles, 3100 halters, 1755 artillery horses, 544 draft horses for siege trains, 106,382 blankets, 123,128 blouses, 25,739 canvas coats and trousers, 55,580 Canton flannel drawers, 123,905 summer drawers, 121,709 campaign hats, 23,950 canvas hats, 92,884 leggins, 105,287 ponchos, 130,785 flannel shirts, 192,656 leather shoes, 300,399 cotton stockings, 24,270 woolen stockings, 24,830 hammocks, 8125 helmets, 3820 mosquito bars, 2000 head nets, 6006 common tents, 141,562 shelter half-tents, 3562 wall tents, and 1250 conical tents.

This will give a small notion of the problem which confronted the War Department at the outbreak of the present unpleasantness. Hundreds of thousands of men have had to be supplied with weapons, ammunition, tents, cooking outfits, and ever so many things besides. No sooner did Congress appropriate the precautionary $50,000,000, than time was taken by the forelock, and immense orders were given for shoes, caps, blankets, trousers, underclothing, etc, and the seamstresses and cobblers of a dozen big cities were set working night and day for Uncle Sam. Most of the uniforms are made in Philadelphia, and they are being turned out at the rate of 10,000 a week. The garments are cut by machine, a lot of them at once, after which sewing-women put the parts together.

Meanwhile hats and caps are being manufactured for the soldier boys at the rate of 5000 a day, half a dozen big factories being engaged in their production. The clothing for a soldier of the United States Army costs twenty-five dollars complete. The uniform suit of cool canvaslike stuff comes to nine dollars. Each man has a cape-overcoat which costs eight dollars, a campaign hat at one dollar, a forage cap at seventy-five cents, a pair of shoes at two dollars and fifty cents, a flannel shirt at two dollars and ten cents and two suits of underwear at two dollars and fifty cents each.

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There will be provided a sufficient number of hammocks for all of the troops sent across the water. Each soldier in the army of invasion carries half of a shelter tent, weighing two pounds nine ounces. This weight includes one half of a tent-pole, which is made in sections, somewhat like a fishing-rod.

The Quartermaster's Department also has charge of the entire business of transporting troops. For this purpose forty-one first-class steamships have been hired, without counting smaller craft, on the Atlantic coast alone. All of these vessels have had to be fitted for troops, animals and freight by erecting bunks, building pens for horses and mules, and putting in extra tanks for water. The movement of the soldiers to the various camps of rendezvous has been a vast undertaking, and has been well accomplished.

In the first month after war was declared the Subsistence Department of the Army loaded twelve solid miles of freight cars with provisions for the troops. The quantity of food represented included more than 19,000,000 rations for regulars and volunteers.

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An Army must be fed well to fight well, and neither pains nor expense are being spared to provide our boys in blue with good things to eat. They are to have as much fresh beef as possible, and great quantities of fresh vegetables and fruits will be shipped to the Army in Cuba. Whenever it can be managed the soldiers will have fresh bread baked for them. On the whole, it may be said that they will fare far better as to table supplies than any troops ever have done before in history.

Under direction of the Engineer Corps of the Army has been all the business of planting harbors and rivers with mines. Of these infernal machines of war 1500 have been laid down, and a large force of skilled electricians, with an extensive fleet of boats, is being employed to maintain them. Immense quantities of siege material, pontoon material, and tools for engineering-work in connection with the invasion of Cuba have been purchased. Since war was declared the Engineer Corps has established twenty-one new batteries, with seventy-five emplacements for modern eight-inch, ten-inch and twelve-inch rifles, and forty-seven emplacements for rapid-fire guns. An emplacement may be described as a hole in the ground lined with masonry, which conceals the gun save when it is uplifted momentarily to shoot. This, however, is only a small fraction of what the Army engineers have really accomplished.

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It is difficult to summarize within the space of a single article the vastly complicated operations of the War and Navy Departments under present conditions. The utmost conceivable pains are being taken to preserve the health of the troops, and everything that modern science knows will be done for the benefit of the wounded. The Army has fitted out an ambulance ship called the Relief, corresponding to the naval hospital ship Solace. In addition, the War Department has provided a hospital train, consisting of ten tourist sleepers, two kitchen and dining-cars, and a combined passenger and baggage car. It will be furnished by the Medical Department, placed under charge of trained nurses, and kept permanently at Tampa, except when carrying sick and wounded men to points designated by the medical officers. The War and Navy Departments are convinced that everything which tends to increase the comforts and preserve the health of the men at the front adds to their effectiveness.

Captain Sampson, Now the Junior Commodore

The actual rank of Commodore, just conferred upon Acting Rear Admiral Sampson, says the Baltimore Sun, carries with it the flag command in time of peace. Sampson is now the junior Commodore in the United States Navy. He secured the vacancy caused by the retirement of Rear Admiral Kirkland, who has reached the age of sixty-two years, and was therefore compelled to relinquish active duty for the retired list. Although Sampson commands the most powerful and imposing fleet he has, until now, only held the actual rank of Captain, which did not entitle him ordinarily to higher command than a single vessel.

Captain Sampson will pass through the grade of Commodore in less than two years, in the ordinary course of naval promotion, and with the adoption of the naval personnel bill he and all the other Commodores are at once advanced an entire grade. Four Rear Admirals will retire by the close of the present year, and it will be many years before any officer has more than two years to serve in the higher grades of the service.

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M. Hanotaux, the French Statesman

The career of M. Hanotaux, French politician and statesman, has been one of steady, continuous, and well-earned success, says the Windsor Magazine. By great good fortune M. Hanotaux discovered, in 1879, the lost Maximes d'Etat of the great Richelieu, and thereby not only acquired a certain amount of fame among historians and scholars, but received, it can hardly be doubted, a definite impulse toward the cautious and somewhat unscrupulous statecraft of the Cardinal-Duke.

From this discovery, moreover, dates the commencement of M. Hanotaux's great work —the Life of Richelieu—the first volume of which did not appear until sixteen years had been spent in original research and indefatigable collation of documents. This fact throws a flood of light on the conscientious

AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. J. BENJAMIN CONSTANT

M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX

industry and perseverance shown by him as Foreign Minister. The value of the work itself was attested last year by the fact that it won M. Hanotaux to the Academy.

M. Hanotaux has never possessed the gift of speaking long and eloquently when there is nothing of importance to be said, and it is this failing—from the demagogue's point of view, which has, perhaps, won him more respect from the crowd than any of his undoubted qualities. He is considered, and very justly, a man who knows; a careful, farseeing, thoroughly safe guide.

It is not to be wondered at that M. Hanotaux is somewhat lacking in initiative. He is supposed to depend a little too much on his subordinates, to pay undue regard to precedents, and to be over-slow in moving when an emergency may demand bold and confident action. Nevertheless, he has been almost uniformly successful; the Congo triumph, the Madagascar coup, and the growing influence of France in Europe and in the East, all may be due in part to his undoubted good fortune; but, together with his opportunist policy, M. Hanotaux has a very definite idea of what France wants, and how she can obtain it. His keen sight reaches not only into the past, it reaches far ahead into the future; he is no idealist, but he has a certain practical, patriotic enthusiasm; he believes in France, and, above all things, he believes in himself.

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Major-General Shafter, the Hope of the Cubans

Maj.-Gen. William R. Shafter, who is at the head of the Army invading Cuba, was born in Michigan, and has been in the United States Army since the Civil War, with the exception of a brief period he spent in farming. He entered the Army as a Michigan volunteer, and rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was brevetted Brigadier-General for signal bravery. In May, 1897, he became a Brigadier-General in the regular Army, and now has behind him a force of men sufficient to capture Santiago and actively begin the expulsion of Spaniards from Cuban soil. Shafter is sixty-three years old, and a born fighter; he was for some time in command of the Presidio reservation in San Francisco. Events have proved that in appointing Shafter Major-General the President made no mistake.

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Ernest Hooley, the English Financier

Ernest Terah Hooley, whose recent gigantic failure startled the business world, was an interesting character. He was born in England in 1859, and started in business as a stock-broker. He has floated a great number of successful enterprises. A remarkable trait was his lack of modesty; he was always ready to be interviewed by press representatives, and delighted in giving to the public tales of his personal peculiarities and habits. He said that his successes were due to the fact that he went in for the big things: "If you go halfway up the ladder you will find it crowded with competitors; making money is more a matter of will and self-sacrifice than of luck and brains." But events have proved that a little mixture of brains with will and self-sacrifice might have saved Hooley a bad fall.

One of his eccentricities was the collection of threepenny pieces. He had the larger banks of England save all those coins for him and he bought them up at face value. He is a married man, and very fond of fast horses and swift yachts. Not long ago he presented a gold communion service to St. Paul's cathedral, but the bankruptcy laws in England are such that the service will have to be returned, as it was bought within a limited time before the failure. Mr. Hooley has made charges of blackmail against various newspapers, which, if true, certainly present the British press in a bad light.

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The Infancy of the King of Spain

The young King of Spain, whose birthday was recently celebrated under circumstances which must, one fears, have been anything but conducive to festivity, was ushered into the world with pomp and ceremony, which, even in his exalted sphere, is somewhat unusual, says the Westminster Budget. His first introduction to his Court was on a golden tray, upon which he was carried through a company of two or three hundred lords and ladies, comprising the very cream of Spanish society. A magnificent suite of apartments had been provided for him, all his own; from the very first stalwart soldiers guarded his chamber door by night and by day. The Pope sent him his christening robes, and water was brought from the Jordan for the baptismal font. At three months old a dental surgeon was appointed, with nothing to do but to superintend the Royal teething operations, and from the very first Court physicians made a formal overhauling of the person of the young monarch twice a day by the clock.

A whole bevy of Court ladies were employed every morning to dress His August Majesty according to the strictest procedure of Court etiquette at Madrid, and there is said to have been an imposing and elaborate ceremonial when His Majesty first condescended to put his feet into shoes—gorgeous affairs in white leather, embroidered with gold. What Alfonso XIII thought of it all we have no means of knowing.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

VONDEL'S LUCIFER

The Source of Paradise Lost

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VONDEL'S great drama, that masterpiece of the seventeenth century, from which, it is claimed, Milton drew his inspiration, the plot, and much of the imagery for Paradise Lost, has recently, for the first time, been published in English.

A metrical translation has been made by a young American of Dutch descent, who, becoming greatly interested in the land of his ancestors, went over to Holland, a few years ago, to learn the Dutch language and to study the Dutch literature. His name is Leonard Charles Van Noppen, and he is a poet himself, in English; this intellectual and temperamental tendency enabled him to make a literal rendering that is not only highly accurate, but that also most admirably conserves the spirit of the original. He has turned the Dutch hexameters into English dramatic blank verse that preserves the stately swing, intensity, and vigorous rhythm of Vondel. Doctor Carpenter, of Columbia University, and Doctor Kalff, Professor of Dutch literature in the University of Utrecht, have each contributed an introduction.

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They, as well as Edmund W. Gosse and many scholars and poets of the Netherlands, speak most highly of this version. The book is beautifully illustrated by the Dutch artist, John Aarts.

From Mr. Van Noppen's interesting introductory essay on Vondel—a clear, comprehensive, and convincing exposition, as admirable in style as it is valuable in matter—we learn many interesting things concerning this old poet, this unknown Titan, whom the ablest students of literature place on the same plane with Milton, Dante and Æschylus. Like Milton, Vondel was the voice of his time, and his career was even more tempestuous. Like Shakespeare, he was the maker of an epoch, a worthy contemporary of his great countrymen, Grotius, Rembrandt and Spinoza. He was the son of an Antwerp tradesman, and was born in 1587. His parents were Anabaptists, and to escape the persecutions then raging against that sect fled to Amsterdam—at that time the Mecca of the persecuted of all creeds. Here young Vondel went to school. Most of his education, however, he acquired by study at home, and he was soon looked upon as one of the most promising youths of the day. He became a hosier, and at the age of twenty-two was married to Maria de Wolff.

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After one or two promising dramas the poet at the age of forty produced his splendid allegorical tragedy, Palamedea. This drama portrayed the judicial murder of the distinguished Advocate Oldenbarneveldt, and forever invested his murderers with the shame and infamy they so richly merited. Vondel suddenly found himself famous, and this drama marks a new epoch in his career.

We are now to view him as the poet-militant, and it must be said that his voice was ever raised in defense of the oppressed. Threats were made against the man who had so rashly dared the fury of those relentless iconoclasts, the ruling Gomarists; and it was muttered that he ought to be taken to the Hague and executed even as Oldenbarneveldt.

Vondel, indeed, like Dante, was forced to flee for his life. He was at last discovered and brought before the court, where he was fined several hundred guldens. In 1630 the poet burst into a blaze of satire that swept the country like a whirlwind of flame. "The evils of the time," said the satirist, "are too deep-seated to be eradicated by a poultice of honey." He was the Juvenal of his age, and his absolute fearlessness was the theme of universal admiration, though no other man of his day was so bitterly hated.

Vondel was the painter's poet, as his many inscriptions for paintings and his many eulogies of the noted painters of his time attest. He was, moreover, held in such high esteem by the artists of his country, that in 1654 he was publicly crowned as symposiarch of the historic Feast of St. Luke.

After writing a splendid series of Biblical tragedies, in 1654, he published his magnificent tragedy, Lucifer, which is usually considered his masterpiece and the noblest poem in the language. This monumental creation of this combatant-poet was significant for its bearing on the time. It was acted on the stage, and its popularity is attested by the fact that the whole edition of one thousand copies was sold in a week. Not long afterward, the poet, disgusted with the excesses of the extreme Calvinists, who were making the boasted freedom of the Netherlands a mockery, embraced the Catholic faith, and he was henceforth to be one of the most able and ardent champions of that church.

Vondel's last years were clouded by poverty and saddened by the unfilial conduct of a profligate only son. He survived all the friends of his youth, and, when seventy years old, was forced to earn his living as a common clerk in a counting-house. Here he worked until he was eighty years old, when he was dismissed with a pension. After an illness of only eight days, on February 5, 1679, at the advanced age of ninety-one, the old bard fell asleep. His last words were: "I shall have to go in at the common gate."

FROM A RARE OLD PRINT

VONDEL

Vondel was a representative Dutchman—a grand type of the Netherlands burgher. The strong north wind, laden with the salt spray of the sea, blows through his poetry; again when reading him we are caressed by southern breezes breathing the invigorating odors of the low, fresh meadows, while everywhere we recognize the dikes and chimes of dear little Holland and the gables and canals of quaint old Amsterdam.

His diligence was phenomenal; his knowledge extraordinary. He was the author of thirty-three dramas and a multitude of shorter poems. Great as a dramatist, he was incomparable as a lyrist, and he left a more powerful impress on the language and literature of his country than any other man.

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Did Milton borrow from Vondel? It is so maintained, not only by the poets and scholars of Holland, but also by Beddoes, Edmund Gosse, Edmundson, and the other English critics who have made the subject a matter of study. It is known that Milton read Dutch; having learned it from Roger Williams. Milton was also well acquainted with Grotius, the bosom friend and admirer of Vondel, so it is probable that he knew of the Lucifer, which was published some thirteen years before Paradise Lost.

There is only space here to mention the wonderful similarity of the two poems in plot, character-delineation and incident, and to call attention to but a few of the hundreds of parallelisms in phrase and imagery with which the Lucifer abounds. Where Milton says of Satan:

> "And with necessity, the tyrant's plea
> Excused his devilish deeds"—

Vondel makes his equally magnificent Lucifer say:

> "I shall maintain the holy Right, compelled
> By high necessity."

The English poet's "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven" seems but a paraphrase of the Hollander's:

> "To be the first prince in some lower court
> Is better than within the Blessed Light
> To be the second."

Both devils descend to earth by "tract oblique," and are similarly impressed by the more than seraphic beauty of Eve; both are wounded by Michael, and are hurled to eternal doom, where each becomes a horrible and complicated dragon.

In the drama occurs the same battle-scene—with almost similar episodes—that forms so important a feature of the epic, Milton's account being, of course, far more elaborate, though much less artistic, probable, and interesting. In both poets the devils are most ingenious to "make the worse appear the better reason." Both also describe a hellish conclave or pandemonium, where the hero appears gigantic in his own infernal defiance. And, too, we find that Vondel as well as Milton makes use of the Alphonsine cosmogony, and also represents the stars as disturbed by malign influences.

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Both Lucifer and Satan burst into a grand soul-revealing soliloquy, ending with the words: "All hope is past." In each poem, also, the conquering hero is met upon his return with hosannahs of acclaim, while there is a promise of the Paradise Regained.

This wonderful identity in expression and treatment, it seems, can be explained in no other way than that Milton bodily appropriated Vondel's drama, shaping it to the grand design of his great epic. That he did this without qualms of conscience may readily be believed, for he himself says in one of his prose essays: "To borrow and to better in the borrowing is no plagiarie."

The volume is dedicated, by special permission, to the Holland Society of New York. The Continental Publishing Company of New York are the publishers of the work.

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Children of the Sea, by Joseph Conrad.—Walt, "The Nigger of the Narcissus," is not a pleasant shipmate for the long voyage from Bombay to London. Coughing and cursing, he swaggers on board just before the ship puts to sea. From that moment the forecastle is bedlam. The crew is cowed by this consumptive, dying by inches; the spectre of his approaching death is always with them, working on their superstitions and their sympathies. It is a relief to turn to old Singleton, who held the wheel for thirty hours during a storm; to the two Scandinavians, with "baby faces"; and the Captain, who "feared nought but an unforgiving God, and wished to end his days in a little house with a plot of ground attached—out of sight of the sea." There is little story, but the book is absorbingly interesting: its pictures are sombre, but fiercely vivid. Through a long voyage we live with the crew in forecastle and on deck, and Mr. Conrad makes them live for us; he knows the sea and its children as few men who have written of them. (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.)

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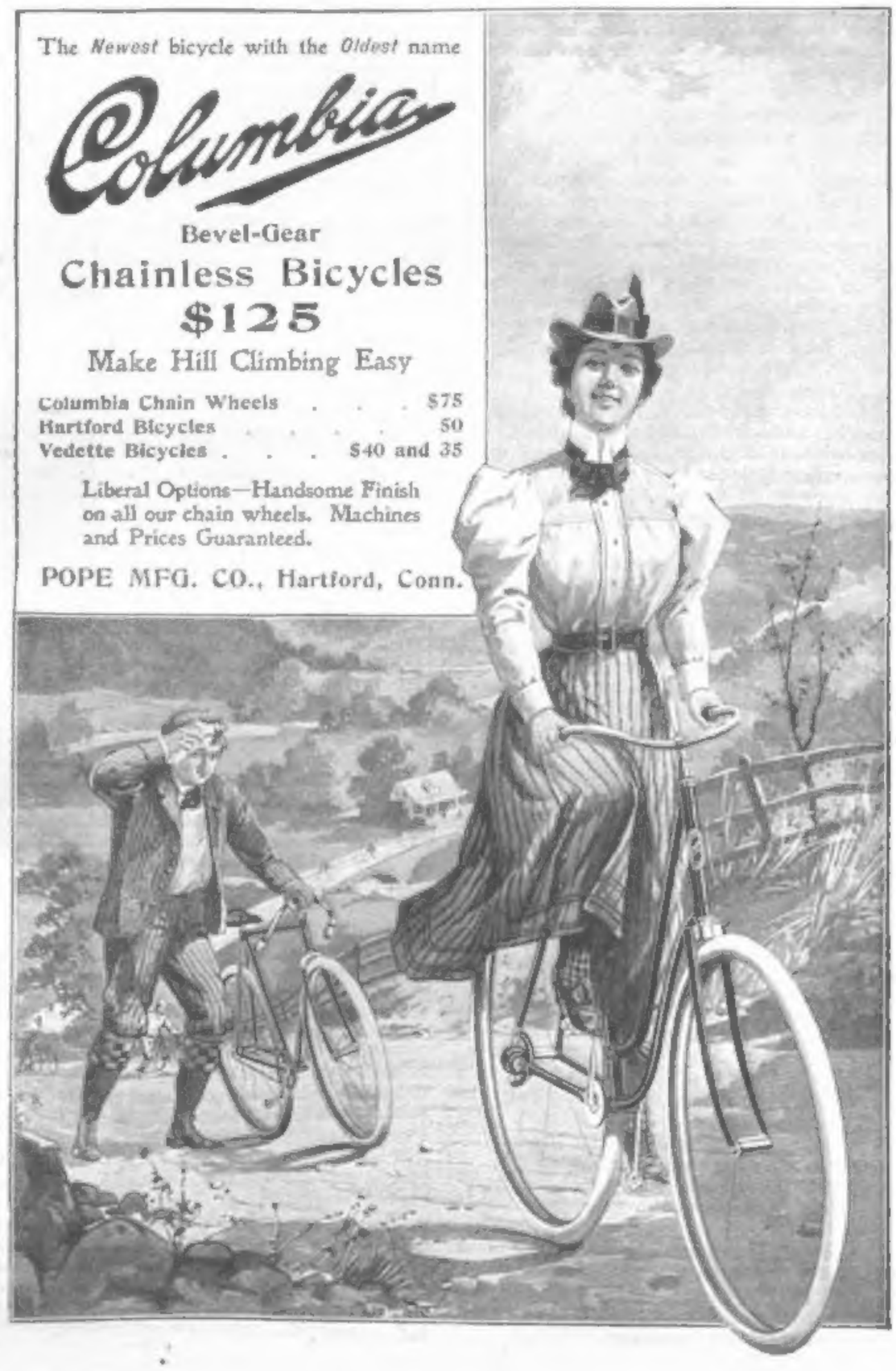
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